The Centre Reporter.

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THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED KURTZ, Editor and Prop'r.

A school law, passed by the last legislature, provides that a common school month shall hereafter consist of twenty days' actual teaching,and no school shall be kept open in any district for the purpose of ordinary instruction on any Saturday or on any legal holiday, or in any county during the time of holding the annual county institute therein.

The statement is made that in the matter of the new cruisers over $2,000,000 have already been paid to Mr. Roach, and that there only remains due him for the entire contract $400,000. It would seem from this that the government would be the principal loser by the failure. If Mr. Roach has failed, he at last did not fail to get some very, very fat jobs out of the government.

On the railroad question the Lock Haven *Democrat* muses thus: It is reported that the New York Central and Pennsylvania railroad magnates have settled all differences and entered into a treaty, offensive and defensive. That is, that the Pennsylvania has decided to leave the bankrupt West Shore road to its fate in the unequal struggle with the Central, while Vanderbilt is to sell to the Pennsylvania road the South Pennsylvania road, now partially built, and the Beech Creek road, which will give to the Pennsylvania its old-time monopoly. The Clearfield coal region will again be subjected to prohibitory rates, and the southern counties will remain undeveloped in order that the great corporation may thrive. Such a situation is not agreeable to Pennsylvanians, especially not to Lock Havenites, and the curses of the people will continue to rain down upon the legislators who refused to vote for the anti-discrimination bills.

There has yet been no confirmation of the rumors that the Pennsylvania railroad company and the Vanderbilt interests have been settled, but there is a growing confidence that they have been, and it is stated that it may be officially announced not later than the middle of this week. Gentlemen who are interested in the accomplishment of the negotiations, and also those who have invested their money with Mr. Vanderbilt in his Pennsylvania enterprise, state that they are confident of terms being rendered, while the latter declare they do not care whether they are or not, as they are abundantly able to complete the South Pennsylvania railroad without the aid of Mr. Vanderbilt. One gentleman, who is prominent in railroad circles, declared not only that the line could be completed without Mr. Vanderbilt's aid, but that if the latter gentleman saw fit to part with his control in Reading to the Pennsylvania, which would shut off the tidewater connection of the South Pennsylvania, there was abundant capital among those interested in the road to build from Harrisburg into Philadelphia.

A very significant circumstance in connection with the negotiations between Vanderbilt and the Pennsylvania is that Mr. A. J. Cassatt, who is representing the Pennsylvania railroad in the matter, has been at Long Branch for more than a week in daily consultation with a prominent officer of the Pennsylvania railroad company.

CO-OPERATIVE FIRE INSURANCE.

The New York *Sun* replies to an inquiry on this subject, as follows: "The co-operative method of insurance against fire or any other accident, death included, or what is known as the mutual plan, is considered by many to be the best for insurers, because they get the benefit and the security for precisely what it costs. At least they do this if they do not support an extravagant office and pay for the work than is necessary. The principle of it is that the parties insured pay a reasonable sum for necessary expenses and supervision, and divide the losses and expenses among themselves pro rata. This is precisely the true idea of insurance. There is nothing lost through these payments, because it is simply the cost of security enjoyed against any risk which each member has of a loss himself."

The Farmer's Mutual Fire Insurance Company of Penn's Valley is upon the above described mutual plan. When there are no fires there are no expenses.

Not a particle of calomel or other deleterious substance enters into the composition of Ayer's Cathartic Pills. On the contrary, they prove of special service to those who have used calomel and other mineral poisons as medicines, and feel their injurious effects. In such cases Ayer's pills are invaluable.

—For dusters, seer-sucker coats and rates style summer suits, at 30 per cent below any other store, go to the Philad. Brauch.

THE SOUTH PENNSYLVANIA.

The negotiations between Vanderbilt and the Pennsylvania railroad company looking to the disposal of the South Pennsylvania and the Beech Creek, Clearfield and Southwestern railroad to the Pennsylvania railroad company,have caused considerable agitation in business and railroad circles. The transfer will affect Centre county and will possibly do Bellefonte great harm, inasmuch as the Snow Shoe road would be virtually obliterated and the traffic and travel over the same would be thrown on the Beech Creek, Clearfield and Southwestern at Snow Shoe, and leave Bellefonte out in the cold, giving Lock Haven a new impetus. We feel for the interests of Bellefonte, as they are locked with the interests of the people of our county in many respects, and what tends to divert its trade to rival towns in other counties will be felt in many quarters around Bellefonte.

The following is a summing up of the gossip in New York, at the close of last week, relative to this South Pennsylvania transaction:

It is reported that President Garrett, of the Baltimore and Ohio, and F. B. Gowen have been called to come home from Europe at once on account of the menace to the Baltimore and Ohio, Reading and Jersey Central interests by the reported negotiations for an alliance between the New York Central and the Pennsylvania. There is comment in New York to the effect that we are on the eve of a disastrous railroad war; that is, if the alliance mentioned is consummated. All agree, however, that the Baltimore and Ohio is in excellent shape for a fight, and that it will not be frightened by Mr. Vanderbilt or President Roberts. The report of an alliance appears to be confirmed by the action of the representatives of the Baltimore and Ohio, who sought to have the Central New Jersey directors ratify the traffic agreement which the Baltimore and Ohio made with the Reading. Of course no proposition for a lease can be entertained until the New Jersey Central is freed from its obligations to the Reading, and it may be that Mr. Vanderbilt proposes to enable the latter to fulfill its agreements and guarantees to the Central New Jersey in order that, through the Reading, he may control this important avenue to New York, and prevent the Baltimore and Ohio from getting it. It is considered probable that an offer will be made by the Baltimore and Ohio to lease the Central New Jersey, for unless an outlet to New York over this road can be obtained Mr. Garrett will have to build a line of his own, which will involve a delay of nearly a year. It is reported that the Pennsylvania has turned over to Mr. Vanderbilt's representatives a number of West Shore bonds sufficient to give him control of the property. There is a rumor that Mr. Vanderbilt has offered bondholders one 99-year 4 per cent.bond for two West Shore bonds, and this story has again stimulated purchasers of the latter. A meeting of the South Pennsylvania syndicate will be held in New York on Friday next, and members unable to be present have been asked to forward their proxies. It is believed that the sale of the Pennsylvania company will be consummated at the meeting. The terms are said to be $10,000,000 for the South Pennsylvania and Beech Creek roads, the former in long bonds at 6 per cent., and the latter in long bonds at 4 per cent. The sale will be made through a banking house, probably Drexel, Morgan & Co., to comply with the provisions of the state constitution preventing the puachase of parallel lines.

Director Comly, of the Reading railroad, when asked whether Mr. Gowen had been telegraphed for, to serve the interests of that company in the South Pennsylvania transfer, stated that Mr. Gowen had neither been asked to come home, nor was it likely that he would be so requested. "The fact is," said Mr. Comly, "that Mr.Gowen desires to be considered as having severed his connection with the company, and the only thing that would be likely to call him home would be the private interests of his family in this matter."

INTERESTING NEWS ITEMS.

Take Simmons' Liver Regulator to improve the appetite, to strengthen the system, to stimulate the liver, to cleanse the skin of its yellowness, to remove boils and pimples and cause new life in the blood.

About a year ago Ross Hammond appeared at Hamlin, Lincoln county, West Virginia. He was handsome, well educated, and soon became a favorite in the village. He became acquainted with Misses Lucy and Anna Bowman, sisters of a well known citizen. Each of these suffered deception on his part. Recently the two sisters decoyed Hammond to the woods, beat him to insensibility, tarred and feathered him and left him to his fate. He was found, almost dead, with one eye put out. Sentiment is divided as to the actions of the girls. Hammond is said to have relatives in Richmond, Va.

THE DEATH OF GENERAL GRANT

AFTER A LINGERING ILLNESS THE GREAT SOLDIER IS NO MORE.

Nearing the End—Scene in the Chamber of Death—How General Grant Passed Away on Thursday Morning.

Mt. McGregor, N. Y., July 23.—The physicians believed that the patient might reach the extreme ebb of his strength at one o'clock this morning, and the approach of the hour was anticipated with intense anxiety at the cottage. It passed, however, and the General, lying upon his back and propped by two pillows, lay upon the cot bed in the parlor, was yet alive, but growing weaker. The inevitable close of the General's long sickness seemed more and more imminent. The feeble pulse-beats had worn themselves by their rapidity to a fluttering throb that could be gauged beneath the finger of the physician. The body was being worn out by its own life currents, so rapidly was it coursing through the veins. Repeatedly the brandy was entered beneath the skin of the General's arm, but despite its waning influence, the respirations had quickened from forty-four to the minute during the evening to a point of labored breathing that was painful to friends who had gathered and bent near the sick man. Two o'clock had been passed, and the evidences of death were multiplying. The increasing respirations were not alone more rapid, but more shallow. The lungs and the heart were giving away. So weak had General Grant become that at three o'clock,although he frequently attempted to do so, he was unable to clear the gathering mucus from his throat. It accumulated and remained, and as four o'clock drew on and the daylight came, a point had been reached when expectoration was impossible There was not left enough of strength, and from four o'clock on there was in the throat a significant rattle of mucus that was filling the lungs and clogging the throat.

At three o'clock the General asked for water, and, after that it is not remembered that he uttered a word. At four o'clock the breathing was quickened, and reached fifty to the minute. An hour later the respirations had reached sixty, and between five and six o'clock the finger nails had become blue and the hands further evidenced the progress of numbness at the extremities. And at every breath the mucus clogging in his throat was growing more noticeable. A few minutes before eight o'clock Drs. Douglas, Shady and Sands stood on the cottage veranda conversing on the condition of General Grant, and discussing the probabilities of his death, and the limit of life left the sick man. Mrs. Sarsoris and Stenographer Dawson were conversing a little distance away, when Henry, the nurse, stepped hastily upon the piazza and spoke quietly to the physicians.

He told them he thought the General was very near to death. The medical men hastily entered the room where the sick man was lying, and approached his side. Instantly upon scanning the patient's face Dr. Douglas ordered the family to be summoned to the bedside.

Haste was made and Mrs. Grant, Mr. Jesse and wife, U. S. Grant, Jr., and wife and Mrs. Colonel Grant were quickly beside the doctors at the sick man's cot. Mrs. Sartoris and Mr. Dawson had followed the doctors in from the piazza,and the entire party was present except Col. Fred. Grant. Hasty summons were sent for him, but he entered the sick room while the messenger was searching for him.

The Colonel seated, himself at the head of the bed with his left arm resting upon the pillow above the head of the General, who was breathing rapidly and with slightly gasping respirations. Mrs. Grant, calm but with intense agitation bravely suppressed, took a seat close by the bedside. She leaned slightly upon the cot, resting upon her right elbow, and gazing with tear-blinded eyes upon the General's face. She found there, however, no token of recognition, for the sick man was peacefully and painlessly passing into another life. Mrs. Sartoris came behind her mother, and leaning over her shoulder, so witnessed the close of a life in which she had constituted a strong element of pride. Directly behind Mrs. Grant and Mrs. Sartoris, and at a little distance removed, stood Drs. Douglas, Shrady and Sands, spectators of a closing life their efforts and counsel had so long prolonged. On the opposite side of the bed from his mother and directly before her stood Jesse Grant and U. S. Grant, Jr., and near the corner of the cot on the same side of Jesse and near to each was Mr. M. E. Dawson, the General's stenographer and confidential secretary. At the foot of the bed and gazing directly down into the General's face was Mrs Colonel Fred. Grant, Mrs. U. S. Grant, Jr., and Mrs. Jesse Grant, while some who removed from the family circle, Henry, the nurse, and Harrison Tyrrell, the General's body servant, were respectively watching the closing life of the patient and their master. Dr. Newman had repaired to the hotel to breakfast, and was not present. The General's little grandchildren U. S. Grant, Jr., and Nellie, were sleeping the sleep of childhood in the nursery room up stairs. Otherwise the entire family and household were gathered at the bedside of the dying man. The members of the group had been summoned not a moment sooner than was prudent. The doctors noted on entering the room and passing to the bedside that already the purplish tinge, which is one of nature's signals of final dissolution, had settled beneath the finger nailz. The hand that Dr. Douglas lifted was fast growing colder than it had been through the night. The pulse had flattered beyond the point where the physician could distinguish it from the pulse-beats in his owd finger tips. The respiration was very rapid and was a succession of shallow panting inhalations. The respirations grew quicker and more rapid at the close; they also became less labored and almost noiseless. This fact was in its results a comfort to the watchers by the bedside, to whom was spared the scene of an agonizing or other than a peaceful death. The wife almost constantly stroked the face, forehead and hands of the dying General, and at times, as the passionate longing to prevent the event so near would rise within her, Mrs. Grant pressed both his hands, and leaning forward tenderly kissed the face of the sinking man. Colonel Fred. sat silently but with evident feeling, though his bearing was that of a soldierly son at the deathbed of a hero father. U. S. Grant, Jr., was deeply moved, and Jesse bore the scene steadily, and the ladies, while watching with wet cheeks, were silent, as befitted the dignity of a life such as was closing before them. The morning had passed five minutes beyond eight o'clock, and there was not one of the strained and waiting watchers but who could mark the nearness of the life-tide to its final ebbing. Dr. Douglas noted the nearness of the supreme moment, and quietly approached the bedside and bent over it, and while he did so the sorrow of the gray-haired physician seemed closely allied with that of the family. Dr. Shrady also drew near.

It was seven minutes after eight o'clock and the eyes of the General were closing. His breathing grew more hushed as the last functions of the heart and lungs were hastened to the closing of the ex-president's life. A peaceful expression seemed to be deepening in the firm and strong-lined face, and it was reflected as a closing comfort in the sad hearts that beat quickly under the stress of loving suspense. A minute more passed and was closing as the General drew a deeper breath. There was an exhalation like that of one relieved of long and anxious tension. The members of the group were impelled a step nearer the bed, and each awaited another respiration, but it never came. There was absolute stillness in the room, and a hush of expectant surprise, and no sound broke the silence save the singing of the birds in the pines outside the cottage, and the measured throbbing of the engine that all night had waited by the little mountain depot down the mountain slope.

"It is all over," quietly spoke Dr. Douglss, and there came then heavily to each witness the realization that General Grant was dead. Then the doctors withdrew, the nurses closed down the eyelids and composed the dead General's head, after which each of the family group pressed to the bedside one after another and touched their lips upon the quiet face so lately stilled.

Dr. Shrady passed out upon the piazza, and as he did so, met Dr. Newman hastening up the steps. "He is dead," remarked Dr. Shrady, quietly. The fact of having been absent from the side of the dying man and his family at the last was a cause of sad and severe regret to the clergyman, who had waited all night at the cottage. He had been summoned from his breakfast a moment too late and reached the cottage only in time to minister to the family sorrow and gaze upon the scarcely hushed lips of the dead General, to whom Dr. Newman's love had bound him in such close ties and relations. Those who saw and knew, and all who learned, of the clergyman's absence from the deathbed,quickly speak the impulse of hearty sympathy.

Soon after Drs. Douglas and Shrady left the deathbed they conversed feelingly of the latter hours of General Grant's life. The pulse had indicated failure and the intellect was last to succumb its clearness and conscious tenacity, and that after midnight last night, though a circumstance at three o'clock indicated cognizance. "Do you want anything, father?" questioned Colonel Fred at that hour. "Water," whispered the General huskily. But when offered water and milk they gargled in his throat and were ejected, and that one word of response was the last utterance of General Grant. Dr. Douglas remarked that the peculiarity of General Grant's death was explained by the remarkable vitality that seemed to present an obstacle to the approach of death. It was a gradual passing away of the vital forces, and a reflex consciousness, the doctor thought was retained to the last. The General died of sheer exhaustion, and a perfectly painless sinking away.

"Yes," interjected Dr. Shrady, quietly, "the General dreaded pain when he felt he had begun sinking, and he asked that he should not be permitted to suffer. The promise was made and it has been kept. Since he commenced to sink on Tuesday night he has been free fom pain."

Towards the last no food was taken, but when a wet cloth was pressed to his lips he would suck from it the water to moisten his mouth. During the General's last night Dr. Shrady was constantly within call.

Dr. Douglas was all night at the cottage, and Dr. Sands slept at the hotel after midnight. Within twenty minutes after the death of General Grant,Karl Gerheardt, a Hartford sculptor, who has been making a study here of the General, was summoned to the cottage, at the suggestion of Dr. Newman, to make a plaster mask of the dead man's face. He was highly successful.

Within half an hour after the General's death the waiting engine at the mountain depot was on the way to Saratoga to bring an undertaker, who placed the remains on ice to-day to await the arrival of a New York undertaker.

The physicians are desirous of having a post-mortem examination, but the family are said to be averse, and that is a matter yet to be determined. A week ago the General is said to have intimated that should he die here during the hot weather he would prefer that his remains should remain here until cooler weather, the purpose being to spare his family a sad and fatiguing journey in such hot weather. It is doubtful, however, if this suggestion is fully carried out, though it is not unlikely that the remains may repose here some days. This, however, is entirely at the disposal of Colonel Fred. Grant, to whom is left entire control of all arrangements relative to his father's remains.

It is not unlikely that a proposition from the city of New York to accord a burial lot for the General and his widow, when she shall have passed away, might be considered by Colonel Grant. The impression that Washington may be chosen as the burial place is believed to be founded on the present inclination of Colonel Grant. The only condition made by the General, and that as long ago as June 24th, was that his remains should be interred where those of Mrs. Grant might in time lie beside his own.

General Grant to be Buried in Central Park, New York, on August 8th.

Mt. McGregor, N. Y., July 24.—It has been finally decided to bury General Grant in Central Park. New York.

At 3:30 o'clock this afternoon Mr. Turner, Mayor Grace's Chief Clerk, received a message which determined the question of General Grant's burial place in favor of Central Park, New York, Saturday, August 8.

ELEPHANT HUNT.

Keene, N. H., July 21.—Barnum's large Asiatic elephant "Albert," that killed Keeper James Sweeney at Nashua on Saturday, was taken to a ravine in the suburbs of Keene yesterday afternoon and killed. He was chained to four large trees, and the location of his heart and brain marked with chalk. Thirty-three members of the Keene Light Guard were then marshalled in line at fifteen paces, and at the word "Fire!" the same number of bullets penetrated the vital spots.

"Albert" was thirty years old, and had been used as a performing elephant until the last three months, when he showed such temper that he was withdrawn from the trained herd. Next to Jumbo he was the largest elephant Barnum owned. He was valued at $10,000. The remains have been donated to the Smithsonian institution, Washington, D. C., and employes of that institution will take charge of them at once.

SHERIFF'S SALES.

By virtue of sundry writs of Fiera Facias,Levari Facias and Venditioni Exponas, issued out of the Common Pleas of Centre county, Pa., and to me directed, will be exposed to public sale, at the court house, in the borough of Bellefonte, on

SATURDAY, AUGUST 22, 1885,

at 1½ o'clock p. m., the following property, to wit:

No. 1.—All that certain messuage tenement and tract of land situate in Haines township, Centre county, Pa., bounded and described as follows, to wit: On the north by turnpike, on the east by Sarah E. Ettlinger, on the south by John C. Motz on the west by heirs of Thos. Hosterman, containing ½ an acre. Thereon erected a two-story frame dwelling house, stable and other outbuildings.

No. 2.—Another tract of ground situate in Haines township, Centre county, Pa., bounded on the north by turnpike, on the east by school house lot, on the south by John C. Motz and on the west by lands of Sarah E. Ettlinger. Thereon erected a wagon shed, the only building.

No. 3.—Another tract in Haines township, Centre county, Pa., bounded on the north by lands of Henry Vonada, on the east by George Vonada and Henry Vonada, on the south by lands of Daniel Vonada, and on the west by Daniel Vonada, containing 13 acres, more or less. No buildings.

No. 4.—A tract of timberland in Haines township, Centre county, Pa., in warrantee name of Lewis Dorman, situate in Panther hollow, adjoining lands of Thomas Hosterman, C. W. Hosterman and others, containing 200 acres, more or less.

Seized, taken in execution and to be sold as the property of Solomon Ettlinger.

No. 5. All the defendant's right, title and interest in and to a certain tract of land situate in the twp. of Boggs, Centre county, Pa., bounded and described as follows, to wit: Beginning at a post thence north 60° east 75 perches along land late of Robert Lyon to post, thence north 30° west 20 perches to post, south 60° west 8 perches to post, thence north 30° west 87 perches to post by white oak, thence south 52° west 67 perches to white oak, thence 30° east along land of Sommerville Downing & Co., 98 perches to the place of beginning, containing 41 acres and 13 perches and allowonce be the same more or less, and being the same premises which E C Humes and Adam Hoy, administrators of James T Hale, dec'd, by their deed dated the 16 day of June, A. D. 1886, and recorded in Centre county, in deed book "H2" page 37 etc., granted and conveyed to the said Roland B Kinnie. Seized, taken in execution and to be sold as the property of Roland B Kinnie.

No. 6. All the right, title and interest in and to a certain tract of land situate in Milesburg borough, Centre county, Pa., bounded on the east by Pike st., on the north by an alley, on the south by Dr. W C Grove, and on the west by an alley, containing about ½ an acre. Thereon erected a 2-story brick dwelling house, store room, barn and other outbuildings.

No. 7. Also all that messuage, tenement and tract of land situate in Snow Shoe twp., Centre county, Pa., bounded on the south by John Hoy, on the north by Dr. M Stewart, on the east by David Askey, and on the west by Murphy. Thereon erected a dwelling house, barn and other outbuildings, containing about 41 acres. Seized, taken in execution and to be sold as the property of James F Weaver, ex'r of T M Hall, deceased.

No. 8. All that certain messuage, tenement and tract of land situate in Huston twp., Centre Co., Pa., bounded on the west by public road, on the north-east and south by Hayes Hartsock, containing two acres, more or less. Thereon erected a 2-story frame dwelling house, stable and other outbuildings Seized, taken in execution and to be sold as the property of Jacob and George Eckley.

No. 9. All that certain messuage, tenement and tract of land situate in Benner twp., bounded on the south by public road leading from Bellefonte to Stormstown on the north and west by lands of Wm. Whitmer and Thomas Remy, and on the east by pubbe road, containing one acre more or less. Thereon erected a 1½ story frame dwelling house, stable and other outbuildings. Seized, taken in execution and to be sold as the property of Henry Powers.

No. 10. All that certain messuage, tenement and tract of land situate in Gregg twp., Centre co., Pa., bounded on the west by McCool and Harter, on the north by lands of Geo. Breon, on the south by McKein heirs, and on the west by public road, containing two acres, more or less. Thereon erected a log frame dwelling house, two stories high, stable and other outbuildings. Seized, taken in execution and to be sold as the property of Daniel Kennelly.

No. 11. All the defendant's right, title and interest in and to a certain tract of land situate in Half Moon twp., Centre county, Pa., bounded and described as follows to wit: Beginning at stones by a black oak, a common corner of lands of Geo. S Gray, the Wm. Lamborn survey, and of the heirs of A M Elder, dec'd, thence south 32¼° west 94⅝ perches to a pine, thence north 37½° west 56⅝ and eight-tenth perches to a post and stones, thence by lands of McDewitt's heirs north 56¾° east 72 4 10 perches to a post, thence south 29½° east 226 4-10 perches to a post, thence south 37½° east 99 3-10 perches to a post, thence north 52¾° east 54½° east 37½ perches to the place of beginning, containing 127 acres and 7 perches. Seized, taken in execution and to be sold as the property of H G Elder.

No. 12. All that certain messuage, tenement and tract of land situate in Pine Grove Mills, Ferguson twp., Centre county, Pa., bounded and described as follows to wit: On the south by public road, on the west by Clara K Smith, on the north by James Mitchell, on the east by Julia Musser, containing 1¾ acres, more or less. No buildings. Seized, taken in execution and to be sold as the property of J R Smith, Jr.

No. 13. All that certain messuage, tenement and tract of land situate in Potter twp., Centre county, Pa., bounded and described as follows to wit: On the south by Josiah Neff's heirs, on the east by turn pike, on the north by public road, and on the west by the Presbyterian cemetery, containing one acre and 64 perches. Thereon erected a 2½ story dwelling house, lime kiln, stone quarry, stable and other outbuildings. Seized, taken in execution and to be sold as the property of J Searhoe.

No. 14. All that certain messuage, tenement and tract of land situate in Howard twp., Centre county, Pa., bounded and described as follows to wit: On the north by Philip Barnhart, on the east by Keifer Leathers and Jacob R Leathers, on the south by the Bald Eagle creek and on the west by Samuel Leathers, containing 106 acres more or less. Thereon erected a hay shed. Seized, taken in execution and to be sold as the property of Joseph L Neff.

No. 15. All that certain messuage, tenement and tract of land situate in Haines twp., Centre county, Pa., bounded and described as follows to wit: On the north by turnpike, on the east by John C Motz, on the south by Benjamin Orndorf, being 60 feet in width and 200 feet in depth, and containing ½ an acre, more or less. Thereon erected a two story plank dwelling house, carpentershop, and other outbuildings. Seized, taken in execution and to be sold as the property of Wm. R Ettlinger.

No. 16. All that certain building located on a lot or piece of ground situate on Bishop street, in the borough of Bellefonte, bounded and described as follows: On the north by Bishop street, on the west by lot of the old Catholic church, on the east by Penn street and on the south by Logan street. It being a church building extending along road fronting on Bishop street, 67 feet and 3 inches, and extending back 117 feet. Seized, taken in execution and to be sold as the property of Rev J. F Shanahan

No. 17. All that certain building located on a lot or piece of ground part of a large tract of land situate in Harris twp., Centre county, Pa., and known as the Brisbin farm. It is a two-story plank frame dwelling house, being 18 feet in width by 28 feet in length or depth. Seized and taken in execution and to be sold as the property of James Osman.

No. 18. All that certain messuage tenement and tract of land situate in Curtin township,Centre county, Pa., bounded and described as follows: On the north by lands of Curtin & Co., on the east by a public road, on the south by lands of Curtin & Co., and on the west by Daniel O'Neal, containing 105 acres, more or less. Thereon erected a two-story log dwelling house, log barn and other outbuildings. Seized, taken in execution and to be sold as the propersy of Joseph W. Myers.

No. 20. All that certain messuage and tract of land situate in Potter twp., Centre county, Pa., about ½ mile from the town of Centre Hall, in Penn's Valley, bounded and described as follows, to wit: Beginning at a stone at the proprietor's manor, thence north 34½° west 228 7-10 perches to a stone, thence south 56¼° west 11 perches to a stone, thence north 43° west 67 4-10 perches to stones, thence 54½° west 83 1-10 perches to stone, thence 34¾° east 65 8-10 to stones, thence south 56½° west 11 perches to stone, thence south 34¾° east 209 6-10 perches to stone in manor line,thence along said manor line north 55½° east 115¾ perches, to the place of beginning,containing 186 acres and 9 perches, strict measure. That of this land, about 165 acres are cleared and in a high state of cultivation, and the residue of about 20 acres are well timbered with white oak, hickory and other valuable wood; that upon said farm is a large two-story frame dwelling house, and also a two-story frame tenant house 20x16 feet, with one-story kitchen attached, a large bank barn about 100x60 feet in size, a carriage house, wagon and tool house, hog pen, corn crib, chicken house, a spring and milk house, blacksmith shop, smoke house, wash house, summer kitchen, stable and hog pen, for the use of the tenant there are also on the farm an apple orchard with over 100 trees, a peach and cherry orchard, with other fruit. There is perpetual running spring water at the house, spring house and barn. The said farm is located within about 1 mile from the Centre Hall depot, on the Lewisburg and Tyrone railroad. Seized, taken in execution and to be sold as the property of Henry J. Keller.

No. 21. All that certain messuage tenement and tract of land situate in Worth township, Centre county, Pa., bounded and described, as follows, to wit: On the east by lands of John Woodring, on the north by lands of Joseph Thompson, on the west by lands of John I. Thompson, and on the south by lands of Graffin Weston, containing 24 acres. Thereon erected a log house, stable, a good orchard, etc. Seized, taken in execution and to be sold as the property of F. S. Cowher.

No. 22. All that certain messuage, tenement and tract of land situate in Gregg township, Centre county, Pa., bounded and described as follows, to wit: Beginning at a Spanish oak, thence along land of the third tract of land of John Hoy, south 28° east 55 perches to stones, thence along lands of John Hoy south 60° west 12.7 perches to white oak, thence along lands of John Haney north 29° west 47 perches to stones, thence along the same south 60° west 24.5 perches to stones, thence west 131° west 103 perches to young chestnut and stones, thence along second tract north 61° east 90 perches to a hickory tree, thence along lands of John Shaffer south 31° east 42 perches to stones, thence south 54° east 65.4 perches to a corner, thence south 62° west 76.3 perches to the place of beginning, containing 55 acres and 85 perches, more or less. Being part of 93 acres and 65 perches and allowance which George Spade, by indenture, dated May 15, 1856, did grant and confirm unto Michael Hazel, to his heirs and assigns forever. No buildings.

No. 23. Another tract of land, also situate in Gregg twp., Centre county, Pa., bounded and described as follows, to wit: Beginning at a hickory tree, thence along first thence along first tract south 61° west 19 1-5 perch to stones, thence along land of John Hoy and John Hoover north 33½° west 83.5 perches to stones, thence along land of H. Haines' estate north 72¾° 36.5 perches to pitch pine, thence north 62½° east 5 perches to stones, thence along land of Michael Haselsouth 29° east 38.2 peaches to stones, thence along the same north 62½° east 55 perches to stones, thence along lands of W. Shaffer and D. Grimm south 29° east 49 perches to the place of beginning, containing 36 acres and 63 perches, more or less, being part of 58 acaes and 64 perches, which the said George Spade, by indenture, dated May 15, 1856, as aforesaid, did grant and confirm unto Michael Hazel, to his heirs and assigns forever. Thereon erected a log house,bank barn and other outbuildings, and a good orchard.

No. 24. Also, another tract of land situate in Gregg twp., Centre county, Pa., bounded and described as follows, to wit: Beginning at stones, thence along the first tract south 29 degrees east 19 perches to stones on public road, thence along the same and lands of John Hoy north 22 degrees east 28.9 perches to stones, thence along the first tract south 62 degrees west 22 perches to the place of beginning, containing 1 acre and 49 perches, neat measure, Being the same lot of ground which John Hoy, by his indenture, dated May 12, 1856, did grant unto George Spade, to his heirs and assigns; and the said George Spade, by his indenture, dated May 15, 1856, did grant and confirm unto Michael Hazel, to his heirs and assigns forever; and the said Michael Hasel, by his indenture, dated May 3, 1876, did grant and confirm the said three described tracts unto Chas. Gobble, party hereto, his heirs and assigns. Seized, taken in execution and to be sold as the property of Isway Heckman.

No. 25. All that messuage, tenement and tract of land in Marion twp., Centre county, Pa., bounded and described as follows, to wit: On the north by P W McDowell, on the east by McHenry's heirs, on the south by John Bradley, and on the west by McHenry's heirs, containing 9 acres, more or less. Thereon erected a two-story frame dwelling house, stable, and other outbuildings. Seized, taken in execution and to be sold as the property of Julia DeLaney.

No. 26. All that certain lot or piece of ground situate at the corner of Olive and Fourth streets, containing in front or breadth on Olive street 60 feet, and in depth along Fourth street 200 feet to a 20-foot wide alley. It being town lot No. 36 in the town plot of Snow Shoe. It being the same lot No. 36 which was deeded to George DeGarmo by John G. Uzzle and wife,by indenture dated the 9th day of January, 1883, and recorded in the office for recording deeds in Centre county, in deed book volume O 2, page 112, and which said George DeGarmo and wife by deed, dated April 1, 1884, and recorded in the office for recording deeds, etc., in Centre county, in deed book Y 2, page 87, and granted and conveyed to Henry J. Walker. Thereon erected a two-story frame hotel building, a large stable and other outbuildings.

No. 27. Also, all that certain lot or piece of ground situate in the town of Snow Shoe,county of Centre and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows: On the northeast side of Olive street, and known and designated in the general plan or plot of said town as lot No. 171, being bounded on the northwest by lot No. 39, on the northeast by a 20-feet wide alley, on the southeast by lot No. 36, and on the southwest by Olive street, containing in front or breadth on Olive street 60 feet, and in length or depth 200 feet, to said 20-feet wide alley. No buildings.

No. 28. Also, all that certain tract of land in Boggs twp., Centre county, Pa., bounded and described as follows: On the north by lands of Andrew Fetzer, on the east by lands of William Butler and others, on the south by lands of Elizabeth Fetzer, and on the west by lands of James Craft, containing 105 acres, more or less. Thereon erected a two-story frame dwelling house, bank barn, wagon shed, corn cribs, spring house and other outbuildings. Seized, taken in execution and to be sold as the property of Henry J. Walker.

TERMS—No deed will be acknowledged until the purchase money be paid in full.

W. MILES WALKER, Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office, Bellefonte, July 29. jul29tc

NEWS OF THE WEEK

—In Chicago on the 11th counsel for Judge Smith, the Republican candidate for Mayor at the last municipal election, served on Mayor Harrison a formal notice that on the 15th they will ask the County Court for an order directing a recount of the ballots cast for Mayor in order to determine who is entitled to the office.

—The latest reports from the Cheyenne Agency in the Indian territory indicate that these Indians are determined to resist the order depriving them of their firearms. The Secretary of War on the 11th ordered three additional regiments of cavalry and one of infantry to Fort Reno. This will make the force in the Indian Territory about 4000 men. General Sheridan was to leave Chicago on the 12th for the Indian Territory. He is reported to have said that in his opinion the Araphahoe tribe was peaceably inclined; that the Cheyennes alone were likely to rise, and that the occasion of the whole disturbance was the encroachments of colonists and cattlemen on Indian possessions. Colonel Sheridan, who accompanies the General, stated positively that no order had been issued to disarm the Cheyennes.

—Inspector Armstrong telegraphed on the 13th to Secretary Lamar that all differences between the drovers and ranchmen have been settled, and that cattle from Texas are now moving northward through the Indian Territory without obstruction.

—Carpenter Brothers, of New York, employ 500 Poles, Hungarians and Italians at a large quarry near Meriden, Conn. The quarrymen have been getting $1.10 per day, and on the 13th struck for $1.50. Twenty of the Italians, who began to work, were driven off by 250 strikers, armed with clubs and stones. The foremen, with revolvers, kept the strikers at bay until help came from Meriden.

—Secretary Whitney and a party of guests, including President Cleveland, spent the 13th in bass fishing, at Woodmount, near Harper's Ferry.

—The wife of Secretary Bayard was reported better on the 13th.

—The saw mill of Ralph Casselman, at Casselman's Station, Ontario, was burned on the 13th. Loss $27,000; nearly covered by insurance. The Forest Flour Mills, at Ottowa, Kansas, were burned on the same day. Loss $35,000; insurance $16,000. A fire at the corner of Canal and Bourbon streets, New Orleans, on the 13th, caused damage to the extent of about $25,000.

—The President on the 14th appointed William C. Bird to be U. S. Marshal for Northern Florida; Wm. H. White U. S. Attorney for Washington Territory; Adelard Guerner Collector of Customs for Minnesota; Henry W. Richardson Collector of Customs at Beaufort, South Carolina, and B. Hugen Ward Collector of Customs at Georgetown, South Carolina.

—A telegram from Washington says that Mr. Lee, the recently appointed Secretary of the United States Legation at Vienna, is expected to arrive at his new post of duty next week. On his arrival United States Minister Francis will take final leave. Mr. Kelley is still at Paris.

—Secratary Bayard was at the State Department on the 14th attending to some official business requiring his attention. Mrs. Bayard's condition is improved.

—James G. Wintersmith, Doorkeeper of the U. S. House of Representatives, died on the 14th in Louisville, aged 36 years. His brother and deputy, John Wintersmith, is dangerously ill in that city.

—The San Francisco *Call* says the Pacific Mail Steamship Company intends to withdraw its steamers from the lines between San Francisco and Australia on November 1st. The company's contract with the Australian colonies expires on that date and the Colonial Government declares that it will not renew the contract, by which the steamship company is paid a subsidy, unless the United states agree to pay a portion of it.

—The director of the Mint in Washington has received twenty gold and thirty-five silver army marksmanship medals, which were struck at the Philadelphia Mint at the request of General Benet, Chief of Ordnance. U. S. A. They have been forwarded to the Ordnance Bureau, and will be distributed to the soldiers entitled to them in due season.

—A heavy storm of rain visited the country around Huntingdon, Penna., on the 10th. It lasted the greater portion of the night. In some localities the growing corn was "literally cut into shreds."

—A telegram from Long Branch says: "Dr. Edward Lawrence and A. R. Lee, both of Philadelphia, were attacked by a gang of stage drivers at the West End Depot on the 14th, because they refused to pay five dollars for a ride of one block. Both men were severely beaten, and Dr. Lawrence was robbed of a gold watch and chain and several hundred dollars. Three of the men were captured in the rooms of the Turf Club."

—The Republican State Convention of Virginia met on the 15th in Richmond. About 650 delegates and alternates, of whom 200 were colored, were present. Senator Mahone called the Convention to order, and said 'the campaign would be inaugurated to enforce the Readjuster settlement of the public debt and defeat the enforced repudiation with which their Bourbon would impose." William E. Lamb, of Norfolk, was chosen permanent chairman. The Convention was still in session at an early hour on the 16th.

—George A. Jenks, the Assistant Secretary of the Interior, has entered upon his official duties. Secretary Lamar has decided to divide the responsibility of the department between his two assistants,

—The 15th was the day designated by act of Congress for the examination of plans for the construction of three new steel cruisers. A number have been submitted, but in preparing to appoint a committee Secretary Whitney learned that officers of his department had made plans of their own

—A riot took place in Cleveland, Ohio on the 15th, growing out of an attempt by the strikers to stop work in the Plate mill, the men in which were not affected by the reduction. The strikers were resisted by the police, and after a sharp fight in which stones and clubs were used by the rioters, the latter were routed by the police, who used their maces freely. Six patrolmen were wounded, and about thirty of the rioters were left lying on the ground, but were speedily carried off by their friends. Seven of the rioters were arrested. At night all was quiet.

—A violent storm accompanied by large hail-storms visited the country around Steubenville, Ohio, on the 14th. Two houses were blown down, a washout occurred on the Cleveland and Pittsburg Railroad, a clay factory was damaged by lightning, and chickens were killed by the hail.

—The Niagara Falls reservation was formally opened on the 15th, in accordance with the programme announced.

—The French national fete was duly celebrated in Panama on the 14th. The Cathedral plaza was gayly decorated with bunting, and in front of the canal company's office a triumphal arch was erected, covered with evergreens and plants

—The Secretary of the Navy, it is said, will appoint a committee to determine how far Mr. Roach is to blame for not having completed the three steam cruisers, Chicago, Boston and Atlanta, which should have been completed under the contract five months ago.

—In the National Cotton Convention at Greenbrier, White Sulphur Springs, West Virginia, on the 16th, T. L. Airey, of New Orleans, was elected President for the next two years, by acclamation. Jerome Hill, of St. Louis, was elected Vice President.

—The Rebublican State Convention of Virginia on the 16th unanimously adopted resolutions of sympathy with General Grant. John S. Wise was unanimously nominated for Governor, H. C. Wood was nominated for Lieutenant Governor, and F. S. Blair for Attorney General.

—The President on the 16th appointed as postmasters in Pennsylvania James H. Dobbins, at Bellefonte, vice J. T. Johnson, commission expired; Augustus Owen, at Canton, vice Allen M. Ayres, resigned. The President also appointed Francis H. Underwood, of Massachusetts, to be Consul at Glascow, and Chin Coy Woo to be Interpreter of the U. S. Consulate at Canton.

—The *Post* building in Washington, occupied by that paper, the *National Republican*, the Washington *Critic*, the *Sunday Gazette*, the United States Electric Light Company and other parties, was destroyed by fire on the 16th. The total loss is about $150,000. The use of the *Evening Star* office was given to the *Post* and *Republican*, and these papers appear as usual this morning.

—The President, it is stated, will leave Washington about August 1st for a visit to the Adirondacks, where he will remain about a month or six weeks to obtain needed rest and recreation. He will be accompanied by a few personal friends.

Greenland Vegetables.

In Greenland some attempts have been made to raise some of the common plants of European gardens. At the Danish station of Godthaab (latitude 64 deg.). close to the open sea, turnips, radishes, lettuces and parsley are almost the only plants that can be cultivated with any success. The turnip, indeed, requires a favorable summer to produce anything like tolerable specimens. The cabbage are scarcely worthy of the name; but at two island stations up the fjord, about thirty miles north of Godthaab the climate is strikingly different. Here, Dr. Rink informs us, turnips always come to perfection; carrots prosper well, and attain a fair size; and cabbages, though unable to develop thick stalks, yet produce tolerably large leaves, which the provident Danes stow away for winter use.

Attempts have been made to cultivate potatoes, but the tubers never attain a size larger than marbles, and are only grown and eaten as curiosities. Under the most favorable circumstances green peas only produce shells, in which the peas are barely recognizable. This is within the Arctic Circle, or at least on its immediate borders. In South Greenland—the site of the old Norsemen's settlements—horticulture is practiced under more favorable circumstances. At some of the posts, in about the same latitude as Christiana, good carrots have been produced, and in a forcing-frame strawberries have grown well and yielded fruit for several years, but they afterward died, owing probably to the severity of the climate.

At Julianshaab turnips often attain a weight of more than half a pound, and are fit for the table in the middle of July. Radishes are fit to be eaten in the middle of June. Rhubarb grows pretty vigorously, and can be raised from seeds. Green cabbage attains a good size, but never the normal taste and pungency of the vegetable. At Jakobshavn, in 69 deg. 13m., our good friend Dr. Pfaff used to raise a few radishes, and the locality being sheltered, the tiny patch of earth on the rocks, which in that remote place passed for a garden, produced "crops" almost as luxuriant as Gothaab in the south.

—Oaken pillars have been decided to be better supports for a building in case of fire than iron, the latter being liable to warp from the heat.

—The pendulum of the new clock in the Chicago Board of Trade building weighs 750 pounds. The dials are ten feet ten inches in diameter.

—Ill feeling has been caused in Indianapolis because foreign, instead of American, marble has been selected for the floors of the State House.

—Prof. John H. Hewitt, of Baltimore, Md., aged 89, is named as the oldest living graduate of West Point. He belonged to the class of 1818.

—A French woman has invented an instrument by which it is possible to cut metal plates of considerable thickness to any elaborate pattern or design.

NOT AS YESTERDAY.

The sky is blue, and green the leaves,
The air is fresh with new mown hay;
All nature seems to smile, but ah—
'Tis not as yesterday!

The birds sing sweet their silvery notes,
The roses bud and bloom so gay,
But pansies lift soft eyes and sigh—
'Tis not as yesterday!

The trees, the shrubs, all growing things
Are brightened by the sun's warm ray,
Old earth is fair and joyous, yet—
'Tis not as yesterday!

The river, quiet now and calm,
Flows gently, smoothly on its way;
Seems there naught abroad but rest, still—
'Tis not as yesterday!

Oh, Yesterdays of life, so dear,
Of you forever will we say,
To-day may lovely be, but no—
'Tis not as yesterday!

Sweet Yesterdays of long ago,
We love to turn back in our way
And meet you with fond greeting true
Oh, rare, bright Yesterday.

LITTLE NA'NS FORTUNE.

"Come in," called Miss Morrin in her pleasant voice.

So the door opened and Little Nan, song-and-dance artiste, appeared on the threshold.

Her thick red hair was twisted in a tight knot on the top of her head, a row of curl-papers fringed her forehead, little dabs of powder were left on her cheeks, her calico Mother Hubbard was faded, and there was a long rent in the skirt. She came timidly into the room and laid a large white envelope down on the table.

"It's fur you," she said, quickly turning away. "I heard you tellin' Mrs. Spratt 'twas your birthday."

Then the door closed upon Little Nan.

Miss Morrin laid down Emerson and took up the attractive white envelope. It contained a birthday card, a very pretty card. On one side were a landscape and a solitary bird on the branch of a tree, and on the other were printed the following verses:

There's gloom without, but there's cheer within,
Rollicking shout and rattling din.
They kiss, good luck! with a rare good will!
Each lucky Jack has a darling Jill.
It's a trifle hard, (as I think you'll see,)
On a lonely, scarr'd old bird like me.

"A lonely, scarr'd old bird like me?" repeated Miss Morrin to herself. "Yes, I am getting to be an old bird, I am 35 to-day and James is 38. We are both growing old and are no nearer being married than we were ten years ago. Twenty-five is rather late in life to enter upon a long engagement. But I would rather wait for James than marry a millionaire. Dear James! He thinks it is his duty to stay in Maine and preach to those poor, uneducated people when he might be paster of a rich church with a salary large enough to support us all. Of course it is his first duty to care for his mother and sister. Unfortunately I am poor too. I wish I had a few hundred dollars to buy a claim or grub-stake some poor prospector. If I was a man I would take a pick and go up on the mountains and dig; but being a woman all I can do is to wait. I wonder what made that child give me this card. I never spoke to her until this morning. They say she dances at the theater," and with a shudder at the thought Miss Morrin went on reading Emerson.

Down stairs in the office of the Grand Hotel old Billy was smoking his pipe. He wore long boots that came to his knees, corduroy pants, and a flannel shirt. His broad-brimmed felt hat was tipped over his eyes. He had tilted his arm-chair against the wall and thrust his hands into his pockets.

"It's her birthday, and I give her a card," Little Nan was saying. "She said good mornin' when I met her on the stairs. Hain't she sweet? Bet your life! It was a stunnin' card. There was a bird on a tree and the bird was sayin' po'try. It said somethin' 'bout bein' a scarr'd old bird."

"By ginger!" exclaimed old Billy, "you've went and done it this time." Then he chuckled. "Didn't you know she was an old maid—a regular Yankee schoolma'm? Why didn't you pick out a nice piece 'bout young love and forget-me-don'ts, and all that kind o' thing,"

"It was a mighty pretty card and dirt cheap," answered Little Nan dis-consolately. "She wouldn't think I was pokin' fun at her, would she?" looking up anxiously.

"Reckon not," said old Billy, "you wouldn't find it out if she did. She's an up and down lady. This 'ere camp's no place for her. There hain't another one of her kind to keep her company. Ought to send fur her sister, or cousin, or somethin'. Don't see what brung her way out here to keep school."

Little Nan gazed in the fire with her large blue eyes.

"She hain't like us," she said slowly. "She hain't a bit like us."

The school children were troublesome the next day. Miss Morrin tried coaxing, then scolding, and finally was strongly tempted to resort to corporal punishment. But she was slight and frail, and there were some large boys in the school. On her way home at noon she decided she was still far from being fit for a minister's wife. There were letters from Maine on her table. Old Mrs. Jones had died at last—she was 93—and there had been a church sociable. Sister Mary had saved enough egg-money to buy herself a black cashmere dress. She thought of having it made with a kilted skirt and a polonaise. It was a long time since Mary had bought a new dress, Miss Morrin remembered. Just then a woman clad in velvet and sealskin passed the Grand. Six months before, this same robust female had been glad to wash flannel shirts for the miners. Her "old man had just struck it rich. And down in Maine Sister Mary was selling eggs and hoarding up every nickel in order to buy herself a plain cashmere dress.

"Please ma'am," interrupted Little Nan, having knocked again at Miss Morrin's door. "Will you come and look at old Billy? He's talkin' to himself and his face is red as the deuce."

"The what?' said Miss Morrin, somewhat shocked.

"I said his face was red," repeated Little Nan, innocently.

Miss Morrin silently followed Nan across the hall to a small room plainly furnished. Old Bill lay quietly on the bed, a patchwork quilt over him, and his head on a dirty pillow. He looked up as they entered.

"Good mornin," he said with an effort, "It's so dark I can't see you."

"I'll raise the blind," said Miss Morrin.

"Then I pass," murmured old Billy.

"He thinks he's playin' poker," explained Little Nan in a whisper. "He don't know what he's sayin'. Would you mind sittin' with him while I git the doctor?"

As she left the room old Billy put his hand on Miss Morrin's arm. For a moment he was quite himself.

"Please git me a pencil and a bit of paper," he said eagerly. "Quick!"

Silently Miss Morrin rose and crossed the hall to her room. When she returned she handed a sheet of tinted note-paper and a long Faber pencil to the sick man.

With an effort old Billy raised his head and Miss Morrin piled up the dirty pillows behind him. He wrote a few lines feebly; then the pencil dropped from his hand. He thrust the bit of paper under the pile of pillows and drew the patchwork quilt well around his shoulders. Still he shivered slightly.

"I'm so cold and tired," he murmured. Then a sweet peace seemed to steal over his face. His eyes closed and he fell gently asleep. But he never woke again in this world.

The day of the funeral Little Nan came to Miss Morrin's room with a basket of bright flowers on her arm.

"Will you please help me to fix the flowers?" she asked, while the tears came to her eyes. "I want to make a wreath for old Billy."

"Sit down," said Miss Morrin, kindly and drew a rocking-chair toward the fire. Then she turned to her trunk, and after some search, came back to her visitor with a roll of fine wire in her hand. Tenderly she lifted the flowers. There were red roses, and pink and scarlet geraniums, and a few sprigs of green.

"Old Billy liked bright flowers," said Little Nan. "He used to throw them to me often."

"What do you do at the theater?" asked Miss Morrin hesitatingly.

"I'm a song and dance artiste," answered Nan proudly. "I sing songs and dance."

"Do—do ladies attend?"

"No, ma'am, only men."

Miss Morrin shuddered.

"And you like to sing and dance before them?" she said severely.

"Not much, ma'am; I git awful tired sometimes."

"Then, my child, why not earn your living some other way? It would be better to scrub floors all day long."

"But they wouldn't pay me nothin'

"What matter?" began Miss Morrin virtuously.

"But I send my money home, pretty near every dollar," said Little Nan.

"There's six of them besides me. My mother's dead. Father don't git but half-wages now. I've earned a heap the last two years, since I've bin dancin'. I'm the oldest one. I'm 18. There are two dead between me and Willie. He's 12. Jennie, she's 10 and the baby's 3. Jennie has an easier time than I had takin' care of 'em. They're out of the way now."

The wreath was finished before Miss Morrin spoke again.

"Who taught you to dance?" she said suddenly.

"A man my father knew. He had a theater. I've a standin' engagement at the Central. Old Billy was awful good to me. I never saw him before I come here, but he kinder took to me. He was poor, too. He had a claim up the mountain, but I guess he never struck it. He never sold much ore, anyhow. Hain't that a beautiful wreath? Billy would think it was stunnin'. He always liked everything bright.

When the funeral was over and they had returned to the Grand Hotel, Little Nan threw herself on her bed and cried piteously. Miss Morrin heard her sobbing, and entering her room, tried to comfort her. Presently Nan sat up.

"I must dress," she said, wearily, "It must be late." Her long hair fell around her and silently Miss Morrin took a brush and began to smooth its bright strands. Then Nan put on her shawl and hood.

"I'll git 'em to let me sing 'Under the Daises," she said, suddenlys. "Old Billy asways liked it. He used to clap until I'd come out and sing it fur him. Maybe he'll hear it to-night."

"Maybe he will," answered Miss Morrin with tears in her eyes, "I'm sure he will!"

* * * * *

Spring came. The snow that had lain for months on the mountains began to melt slowly and prospectors talked of grub-stakes. Old Billy's claims had not been disturbed since he died. No one supposed them of any value. It was known that he was without wife or children.

One day the chambermaid of the Grand found a sheet of tinted paper behind the bed in the room that had once been old Billy's. She was a lazy, careless girl, and the paper had laid undisturbed for more than three months. As she could not read writing she carried it to Little Nan.

But Little Nan herself could not read writing readily. She glanced at the few lines on the paper and spelled out the name William Struthers at the bottom of the page.

"Maybe its somethin' 'bout his claims. I'll take it to Mr. Nickleson. He can read it right off."

So on her way to rehearsal Nan stepped into Mr. Nickelson's office and handed him the little sheet of pink-tinted paper.

It took the smart lawyer from Boston but a moment to discover that he held old Billy's last will and testament in his hand.

"Did you read it?" he asked, glancing keenly at Little Nan.

"I didn't have time to spell it out," answered Nan. "There's nothin' 'bout me in it, is there?"

"He's left his claims to you," said the lawyer. "They may not be worth much, but they are yours. I'll find out about them and let you know."

"Don't hurry yourself," called out Nan as she shut the door. "Dear old Billy!" she thought. "He did all he could for me when he was livin' an' then he went and left me them holes in the ground. Bet your life they hain't worth a cent. He never sold no ore from 'em.

A week later when Little Nan called again at Mr. Nickleson's office the lawyer made her his very best bow.

"Take a chair," he said nervously. Then he cleared his throat. "My dear Miss Malony," he began. "I have some—I may say,——." He darted into the adjoining room and returned with a glass of water.

"Drink this and then I have something to tell you.

"Fire away," answered Nan. "I haint thursty."

"Can you bear good news?" asked the lawyer solemnly.

"Never had none," said Little Nan.

"I have discovered," went on the lawyer, "that old Billy's claims are quite valuable; in fact he must have made a big strike some time ago, but for some reason of his own he took out very little ore. Still he uncovered a fine body of mineral. I have just a good offer for it."

"How much?" asked Nan shortly.

"Three hundred thousand dollars in cash," replied the lawyer slowly.

"That's a heap o' money," said Nan coolly. "Think I could git any more for it?"

"Well, you'll be getting a fair sum," answered the lawyer dryly. "It would take you several years to earn as much. I think you had better accept the offer."

"I don't have to divide with you, do I?" said Nan shrewdly. "See here. Give me $300,000 and I'll sell. You'll make out of it, some way, bet your life. But mind, I want it all in money, I won't have any checks. They mighn't be good."

"In money!" gasped the lawyer. "Have you any idea how big a pile $300,000 would make?"

"No." said Nan," but I reckon I could lug it off some way. But I won't take no checks until I find out whether they're good or not. There's nobody cheats me and old Billy!"

"Come to-morrow," said the lawyer, "and I'll have the papers ready to sign."

The next day at noon Miss Morrin had just seated herself to read a Maine paper when there came a knock that had grown familiar. Little Nan walked in quietly, and seating herself rocked restlessly back and forth.

"Is your father rich?" she asked suddenly.

"No, answered Miss Morrin. "He's a poor farmer. That's why I'm out here teaching school."

"Like to teach?"

"I get very tired sometimes," sighed Miss Morrin. "The children are so troublesome."

"You know a lot about figgers, don't you?" said Nan. "Three hundred thousand dollars is a pretty good pile, haint it?"

"Well, yes," smiled Miss Morrin, "We would call a man with as much as that very rich out in Maine."

"Taint much for here," said Nan a little contemptuously. "You don't call $25,000 much, do you?"

"It would be nice to have," said Miss Morrin, Then she sighed. How happy that modest sum would make her and James!

"Do you git much for teachin?" asked Little Nan, abruptly.

"No, bnt I manage to get along and send some money home, just as you do."

Nan rocked back and forth.

"I'm goin' home to-night," she said, suddenly. "I reckon I'll take the 12 o'clock train. I shan't never forget you," she added softly. "I took a shine to you the day you spoke to me on the stairs. There haint many ladies in this 'ere camp, and none of 'em speaks to me. Old Billy liked you, too."

She rose and crossed the room, then paused. "Thank you fur bein' kind to me!" and for the last time the door closed upon Little Nan.

During the following day an envelope bearing the stamp of the First National Bank was handed Miss Morrin. She hastily tore it open, and there fell out a check for $25,000.

But although she followed up every clew she could never discover the whereabouts of the sender.

The interest of his wife's private fortune is a great help to the Rev. James Wetherill, who is still a poor minister in Maine

A New Drink.

A new drink, says a "fancy" bartender at a leading Chicago house, is an impossibility, though new names are often given to old prescriptions." "The other day," he said "a French-looking fellow asked me for an absinthe frappe, which is simply frozen absinthe tipped with brandy, but which he evidently thought was some difficult compound. The ordinary drink costs twenty-five cents, but I charged him a half-dollar, just to keep him from being disappointed. All kinds of names are fired at me, but I never look or act surprised. I simply mix up something from two to three bottles if I'm in doubt, charge a stiff price, and ten chances to one the man who calls for the drink doesn't know any more about what he's drinking than I do."

Natural Ink.

A natural ink is found at the bottom of a copper mine at the foot of the Kennesaw mountain in Cobb county, Ga. It is a peculiar liquid of a deep wine color, and when a few drops of nut-gall are added it turns jet black, and at once becomes ink of the best quality. The records of the county have for years been kept in this natural ink, which neither freezes, fades nor corrodes.

A good bourgeois, with his wife on his arm, cries out to a cartman: "Why do you beat your horse so cruelly?" "Because I haven't any wife,"

"Got on your husband's cravat, haven't you?" asked a neighbor of Mrs. Bilkins. "Yes, replied Mrs. B., sadly. "It's the only tie there is between us now."

"I've heard it said," remarked Fenderson, "that a man shouldn't laugh at his own jokes; I never do." "Does anybody else?" asked Fogg.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

This world belongs to the energetic.

Hope is a dream of those who are awake.

Friendship is woven fast by interwoven benefit.

If there is anything better than to be loved, it is loving.

Strong language utterly fails to bolster a weak argument.

No man is more miserable than he that has no adversity.

He who is perfectly vanquished by riches can never be just.

Half the lives we hoard in our hearts are ills because we hoard them.

An effort made for the happiness of others lifts us above ourselves.

It is the enemy whom we do not suspect who is the most dangerous.

Anger causes us often to condemn in one what we approve in another.

Labor is the divine law of our existance; repose is desertion and suicide.

One half of the world must sweat and groan that the other half may dream.

The qualities we possess never make us so ridiculous as those we pretend to have.

Happiness is always the inaccessible castle which sinks in ruin when we set foot on it.

We cannot too soon convince ourselves how easily we may be dispensed with in the world.

Difficulties are always mountains till we meet them and mole-hills when we have passed them.

When a man regards himself as all-sufficient, the world is apt to think of him as insufficient.

Fortune detects cowardice, and the man who will not be conquered by trifles is her prime favorite.

Conceit is to nature what paint is to beauty; it is not only needless, but impairs what it would improve.

Familiarity confounds all traits of distinction, interest and prejudice take away the power of judging.

Every to-morrow has two handles We can take hold of it by the handle of anxiety or the handle of faith.

Let the man who complains that he has no time, cheer up and be glad. His time will come one of these days.

If you would have your desires always effectual, place them on things which are in your power to attain.

Men are guided less by conscience than by glory, and yet the shortest way to glory is to be guided by conscience.

It is better to wear a poor vest with a royal heart behind it than to wear a royal vest with a beggar's heart inside.

Men are frequently like tea—the real strenth and goodness are not properly dawn out until they have been in hot water.

The kind wife who has a smile for her husband when he comes into the house will not drive him to a saloon to get one.

Though avarice will preserve a man from becoming necessitously poor, it generally makes him too timorous to be wealthy.

A restleness in men's minds to be something they are not, and have something they have not, is the root of immorality.

L'Estrange says:—"So long as we stand begging at imaginary evils let us never blame a horse for starting at a shadow."

The prejudice of men and the failure to understand each other are the principal causes of their bitterness and ill-temper.

Small souls are inclined to exaggerate; they fancy that they themselves grow in importance with the things they magnify.

Many of our cares are but a morbid way of looking at our privileges. We let our blessings get muddy, and then call them curses.

We are all of us in the position of the French marquis who declared: "God will think twice before he condemns a man of my quality.

A smooth sea never made a skilful mariner: neither do uninterrupted prosperity and success qualify for usefulness and happiness,

False happiness renders men stern and proud, and that happiness is never communicated. True happiness renders them kind and sensible, and that happiness is always shared.

All false practice and affectations of knowlege are more odious to God, and deserve to be so to men, than any want or defeat of knowledge can be.

Honorable age is not that which standeth in length of time, nor that which is measured by number of years. But wisdom is the gray hair unto men and an unspotted life is old age

The divine idea of human perfection was realized, in different degrees, in all the great men who were the heads and models of humanity. All are in different degrees, voices of the Most High.

When you have learned how to live well, you will know how to die well. Be not sorry if men do not know you, but be sorry if you are ignorant of men. Not to correct our faults is to commit new ones.

The truly great and good, in affliction bear a countenance more princely than they are wont; for it is the temper of the highest hearts, like the palm tree, to strive most upward when it is most burthened.

You find yourself refreshed by the presence of cheerful people. Why not make an earnest effort to confer that pleasure on others? You will find half the battle is gained if you never allow yourself to say anything that is gloomy.

Avarice is generally the last passion of these lives of which the first part has been squandered in pleasure, and the second devoted to ambition. He that sinks under the fatigue of getting wealth, lulls his age with the milder business of saving it.

Nature seems to exist for the excellent. The world is upheld by the veracity of good men; they make the earth wholesome. Life is sweet and tolerable in our belief in such society, and actually or ideally, we manage to live without superiors.

MY COUNTRY HOME.

Old homestead! In that old gray town,
  Thy vane is seaward blowing,
Thy slip of garden stretches down
  To where the tide is flowing;
Below thay lie, their sails all furled,
The ships that go about the world.

Dearer that little country house,
  Inland, with pines beside it;
Some peach trees, with unfruitful boughs,
  A well with weeds to hide it;
No flowers or only such as rise
Self-sown, poor things, which all despise.

Dear country home! can I forget
  The least of thy sweet trifles,
The window vines that clamber yet,
  Whose blooms the bee still rifles?
The roadside blackberries growing ripe,
And in the woods the Indian Pipe?

Happy the man who tills his field
  Content with rustic labor;
Earth does to him her fullness yield,
  Hap what may to his neighbor.
Well days, sound nights, oh! can there be
A life more rational and free.

BARBARA.

"Now, you must do some credit to my nursing, and get strong and well again."

As Fannie Pleasantoh spoke she put beside the bed over which she was leaning, a great bunch of fragrant violets, moist and beautiful, breathing their sweet stories of shady nooks in deep woods. A little pale face that had been lying listlessly on the pillow was lifted eagerly.

"Oh, how good you are! O, they are like home, my own dear home!"

Great tears rolled down the pale face.

"Tell me about your home. How came you to leave it for the city?" said Fannie.

"My father died, and the farm was sold to pay a mortgage. I had a little money, and I thought I could work in the city. Besides—"

But here Barbara Golding stopped, and a faint crimson blush rose upon her pale cheeks.

"H'm!" thought Fannie, wise in twenty-two years of city life and education: "a love story."

She asked no questions, but pretty soon Barbara said: "You have been so kind I will tell you. Perhaps you can tell me what to do."

"I will help you in any way that I can."

"Two years ago, the summer that I was seventeen, father took a boarder, He was a lawyer, and his health had failed from studying too hard. I think he was about twenty-eight, not handsome, but so gentle and good that we all liked him from the first. And he would come into the garden with me, and help me with vegetables and fruit, because father left that to me; and would carry the milk up to the dairy room for me, and talk about books and the city, and—O, Miss Pleasanton, don't you know."

"He made love to you?"

"Yes," in a faint whisper.

"And you loved him?"

"Yes," again. "I could not help it! When he went away he promised to come the next summer, and he told me when he made his fortune he would ask me to come to share it."

"Did he come?"

"Father died the next spring, and I came here. I thought I should find him; but I did not see him for a long time; and when I did I had become so poor, so very poor, I would not force myself upon him. I worked as well as I could, but this summer I became sick, and but for you I should have starved."

"Do you think your lover is still true to you?"

"I cannot tell. I would not trouble him. Sometimes, after I had found out where his office was, I would pass by after dark and peep in. It was beautifully furnished; so I hope he is making his fortune; but I only whispered 'God bless him,' and came home."

"Will you tell me his name."

"Lenox—Cyrus B. Lenox."

Fannie Pleasanton turned her face abruptly from the little seamstress, who had been the object of her charity for the last six weeks, and walked to the window. Lifting the soft white curtains she had placed there, she looked into the street, while ringing in her ears was the name Barbara Golding had just spoken:

"Cyrus B. Lenox,"

She was very pale when she came again to the bedside, but her voice was as sweet and steady as ever as she said:

"I must leave you now, Barbara, but I will come again this afternoon. If you want anything, Mrs. Harper will answer the bell."

"Yes, she is very kind. But—you will come again!"

"This afternoon. Try to eat a few of the strawberries I have brought you."

She went away then, stopping as usual to tell the janitress of the poor tenement house to care for the sick girl until her return. But instead of driving to the stores where she had intended to make final purchases for a nearly completed wedding outfit, she told the coachman to drive home. Once there, unheeding the anxious inquiries of her aunt, astonished at her early return and pale face, she went to her own room, bolting the door, before she sank down in a chair, wearied with the effort to maintain her composure.

Cyrus B. Lenox, the girl said. Fannie Pleasanton, looking around her luxurious room, saw a pleasant confusion of dress, new garments loading tables and wardrobe, drawers overflowing with dainty finery, open trunks waiting to be packed. And the preparations were all for a wedding in one short week, and the bride-groom elect was Cyrus B. Lenox.

What was this story the little seamstress she found starving in the attic had told her? The janitress to the tenement house had been a servant in the Pleasanton family, and came to Fannie, who was rich and generous, whenever any distress came to her notice. And Fannie had gone to her last call, to find Barbara Golding tossing in delirious fever, evidently overworked, poorly fed, and sitting in the little attic chamber. She had paid for a better room on the lower floor, had sent a doctor, had supplied medicine, food and care, and visited her often, till the doctor pronounced her on the road to recovery.

And in return she heard that Cyrus, her own betrothed husband, was the lover of Barbara Golding. "Does he love her yet?" the girl thought, pushing back the hair from her pale face, and looking in the mirror. "I am far handsomer. She is pretty only, sweet and fair. I am handsome and accomplished. She is a pauper. I am wealthy. Cyrus is not poor now since his aunt died; but will rise in eminence with my wealth to aid him, while she will be a burden upon him. Only a week. Long before Barbara can ever sit up we shall be on our way to Europe, and he will soon forget her. Why did he seek me if he loved her? it was only a request of his aunt's, not a command that he should marry me if I consented. But he came to me, and I love him—I love him! Can Barbara give him a better love than mine? I can give her money to return to her old home if she wishes. But if he loves her! O, Cyrus, do you love her and not me? I cannot doubt! I must know!"

As if in answer to the thought, a servant rapped at the door, and opening it, Fannie was handed Cyrus Lenox's card.

"I will come down at once," she said, taking off her hat and and smoothing her disordered hair. She was not sorry that he had called while the first excitement of her discovery nerved her with a fictitious strength to endure any word she might speak. She came to him quietly, dignified as ever, but very pale, so pale he asked anxiously if she was well,

"Well, but tired," she answered. "I have been out this morning."

They talked of indifferent matters for a short time; then Fannie said, earnestly:

"Cyrus, I have a craving desire to ask you one true woman's question. Will you promise me a sincere answer?"

He hesitated a moment, then said:

"I will answer truthfully whatever you ask."

"Did you ever love any other woman before you knew me?"

"Do you not think it enough to know I love you now?" he said.

"You promised me a sincere answer, and you give me an evasion," she said, reproachfully.

"Because you ask me to tear open an old wound your love is healing."

"Yet, even if it pains both you and me, I beg you to tell me of your first love."

Fannie's lips were parched and stiff, but she spoke calmly.

"Since you insist," Cyrus said, gravely, "I will tell you. Two years ago, in a farmhouse where I was boarding, I met a woman, or rather a girl, a sweet, fair maiden. I loved. I was a poor man then, Fannie, and she had a happy, pleasant home. So I bade her farewell, hoping to return the next year and bring her to the city. When I did return the farm was sold, and Barbara had gone away. None of the neighbors could tell me anything of her.'

"It was your place to seek her."

"I did, faithfully. But I could find no trace of her whereabouts. In the autumn my aunt died. She had loved you for years, and her last wish was the hope that you would one day be my wife. It was a sweet solace to me even in my sorrow for her loss, and pain at Barbara's disappearance, to have your sympathy, and I soon found there was yet room in my heart for a true, tender love. You cannot believe I would have asked you to be my wife had I not loved you?"

"But if even now, you found Barbara?"

"I have long ago ceased to love her."

"Yet if she came to you?"

"You are my betrothed wife."

"Yet if Barbara came to you poor, friendless, and sick; if she told you she had come to the city, seeking work, hoping to find you, and had sunk under her burden of loneliness and toil, if she told you that, ragged, footsore and weary, she had looked in at you in your cosey office, and turned away, unwilling to throw the burden of her poverty upon you; if she had struggled until she had fainted and fell sick, and was gaining health slowly, hopelessly, with no future before her but a future of poverty and toil; if Barbara came so to you, Cyrus, what would you say?"

But only a pallid face, with greatbeads of perspiration upon the broad brow was lifted in speechless agony to meet her eyes. Only large brown eyes, wistful and suffering, appealing to her womanly heart.

There was a dead silence in the room for a long time. Then a hoarse voice said:

"You have seen Barbara?"

"Yes, I have seen her."

"As you describe her?"

"Yes."

"And you despise me as faithless to her and you?"

"No, I do not despise you. I am sorry that you did not know your own heart better when you came to ask me to be your wife."

All her pain and love were well hidden in the cold, proud voice which Fannie Pleasanton assumed to cover her breaking heart. But after a moment she said, more gently:

"Barbara has been very ill, and is still too weak to bear any great agitation. You must be patient, and leave her to me. When she is well enough you shall see her."

"Fannie, you will break our engagement? You will dare the gossip that will be the result of any change now? You will not trust me to tear out this old love, and be ever true and faithful to you? I am not so weak but I can do so, if you will trust me."

"But I will not!" was the quiet reply. "I will marry no man whose heart is not all mine. I will have no memory of another love for my constant rival. We can still be friends, but never again lovers.'

He had no words to meet the steady resolution of her voice, but yet he took no coward's plea for shelter. He would not say, even to his own heart, "She never loved me; she is glad to throw me off." He knew she had loved him, being too purely womanly to give her hand where she had not already given her heart. He knew the sacrifice she was making. He took both her little cold hands in his, lifted them reverently to his lips, saying:

"May God bless you for your goodness to her, I will come again when you send for me."

So he left her, carrying the dream of future happiness she had carried six months next her heart with him.

She could not trust herself to think. Obtaining the doctor's permission, she brought Barbara to her own home and nursed her back to health, restoring her to her lover, but telling her nothing of her own sacrifice.

Before the winter snows came there was a quiet wedding, for the doctor had strongly urged a warmer climate for the invalid.

She was very happy, this pale, little Barbara, when sheltered by her husband's love, she took leave of her kind friend, and went away to seek the soft air of Florida, to court health in balmy Southern breezes. She was very happy in her husband's tender care, his caressing affection in the winter months, when even the warmth and fragrance of Florida air would not bring back the lost strength. Little by little she faded away, always gentle and loving, always happy, even when she lay dying, in her husband's loving arms; never guessing any divided love or duty had ever threatened to separate them. Gently and painlessly as a babe sinks to slumber, little Barbara sank into the last earthly sleep, her head upon her husband's breast, his tender words soothing her, his loving touch caressing her, Softly they laid her under the evergreen verdure of the Southern grass, and Cyrus turned his face homeward, widowed and sorrowful. Two years later Fannie Pleasanton returned from her European tour, taken immediately after Barbara's wedding. Her old home was unchanged, her aunt glad to come back to her housekeeping and friends.

A little paler, a little graver, Cyrus found her when he came to call, but still the gentle dignified woman he remembered, the true companion his soul craved.

Never to living ears did he tell the secret he learned in his brief married life—the secret that Barbara, sweet, gentle Barbara, whose girlish beauty had won his love, whose deepest pity had stirred his deepest pity, was not the soul wife he hoped to find. Gentle, loving, suffering, she appealed to his protection, his pity, and he gave her both in full measure.

But he knew only too soon that she could never meet him heart to heart as Fannie could—could never be his true life companion. He was loyally true to her memory, speaking no word of his secret disappointment.

And he sought Fannie with a lover's eagerness, a life's devotion; and Fannie loving him with her whole heart, knew it was no divided homage he offered her when, for the second time, he asked her to be his wife.

She had made her sacrifice, and knew that she had soothed Barbara's passage to the grave, not hastened it. And with a clear conscience, a deep, abiding love, she once more put her hand in that of Cyrus Lenox, and became his faithful, dearly-loved wife.

Massive Monument.

The pyramid of Cholula, not far from the City of Mexico, is the most massive monument ever raised in America. Its base covers forty-five acres, it is 150 feet high, in terraces composed of stone and brick and natural soil heaped up in layers.

Bashfulness may sometimes exclude pleasure, but seldom opens any avenue to sorrow or remorse.

A Novel Timepiece.

A watch that winds itself by the motion of the wearer is the latest wonder of Europe. The moneyed tourists abroad will probably come home in the fall provided with them to astonish their stay-at-home friends. The following explanation of the new toy will, however, take off the edge of this triumph with our readers.

The new automatic timepiece is called in Switzeland, where it was invented, the "Marche-Marche." The watch is a stemsetter, and in but one particular differs from the ordinary watch as to exterior appearance. Its "works" are protected by a square case instead of a round one, for a reason that will appear after the other features of the watch have been described in detail.

The prime feature of the watch is the automatic self-winding mechanism, which attains the object in view to perfection. On the side of the watch that the arbor of the winding barrel is exposed, an arm, secured at one end with a hammer-like attachment at the other, moves downward whenever disturbed from a position of absolute rest. The force of a spring adjusted under the arm furnishes the reaction, and the oscillation is repeated with every step taken by the wearer. This is transmitted to the lock of the mainspring barrel by the wheel, the circumference of which is adapted to the clutch of a dog that "holds fast all it gets," and the most ordinary walking exercise upon the part of the wearer serves to wind it up full. The watch when used for the first time is wound with a key, but never after is a key required if the watch is worn regularly by any one of the most moderate habbits of peregrination.

The square case is essential to the succesful action of the self-winding apparatus, for the reason that it must stand horizontally, and this can only be when the watch has an upright position in the pocket.

Upon the face of the watch is the small dial of a manometer, which constantly indicates the tension to which the spring is wound, and by a glance the wearer of the watch may tell for how many hours the watch is wound. The running capacity of the "Marche-Marche," when fully wound, is sixty hours, as is indicated by the manometer when its hand points to the number at the top of the dial. The amount of exercise required to wind it full is represented by six miles' walking. The advantage urged in the automatic winding mechanism is the absence of the hazzard in missing trains, and sowing seeds of dissension in the family by late arrival at dinner because of forgetfulness or negligence in the matter of winding the watch. The absence of necessity for any contact of human hands with the interior of the watch is urged as an additional argument for durability, and its shape, which at first seems odd, is better adapted to rich and artistic decoration. The "Marche-Marche" is entirely a hand-made watch, and is consequently a model of perfection in the chronometric art, the expense of which is the chief barrier to its speedy introduction to general use. The patentees are A. Bourgeois & Co. of Switzerland, who, aside from having taken several medals upon the merits of the "Marche-Marche," were awarded the diploma of honor of Zurich recently.

Queer Adventures.

A banker of London left that city Oct. 29th last for a pleasure trip around the world. He started in an easterly direction and reached this city a few days ago, having almost completed his trip. In conversation with a reporter Mr. Simond said: "I have had some queer adventures since I left home, some of which I think other tourists traveling around the globe have not experienced. For instance, when a passenger on one of the Orient line of steamers, after passing through the Suez canal, we stopped at a small island for coal. One of the lady passengers and myself started out to explore the island while the vessel coaled up. We penetrated the heavy forest of cocoanut and tropical trees and had hardly been from the vessel half an hour when we discovered to our dismay and surprise that we were lost. The forest was very heavy, so much so in fact that we could not see the sun, although occasionally its rays could be seen playing about the waving branches. We walked first one way and then another, but could not find the beach, although the roar of the waves could be heard in whichever direction we walked. The ground was perfectly alive with snakes and very little crabs. The former seemed to rise up from under our feet. Of course my companion was terribly frightened. Suddenly I thought of my pocket compass, and by its aid we found the steamer, just in time to get on board, as she was ready to sail. I subsequently learned that the island on which we were lost is only one mile long and one-half a mile across. It is one of the Chagus Archipelago, in the Indian Ocean.

"At Ballarat, Australia, I had the pleasure of visiting the gold mines. In an old costume I descended 940 feet below the earth's surface, where after crawling through a number of small openings, I saw the miners, perfectly naked, working the mines. The holes leading to the mines were so small that it was necessary for one to lie down and slowly work through the apertures. At New Zealand our party were just in time to get passage on a vessel chartered to visit the west coast sounds. This was the first excursion party ever taken to the sounds. The sights were remarkable. Everything is wild in the locality. The mountains rise straight up from the water. In some portions we found a little beach, but any beach at all was a rarity. We saw large numbers of birds and curious animals. The birds settled on us by the score, and did not seem in the least afraid. In fact, it appeared as if they thought us a sort of tree, on which they could rest without danger. We visited the lakes of New Zealand, where we spent many happy hours. On one occasion a large whale came near upsetting our boat by shooting under us. We all thought there were several whales near us, but our boatman assured us there was only one.

One day, accompanied by a small boy, I started to camp out about sixteen miles from New Zealand. We reached a hut with only three sides standing and attempted to sleep. But it was a vain attempt. Rats, mosquitoes and sand flies surrounded us by the hundreds. While there we ascended a mountain 4,250 feet above the sea. We went far above the snow line. From that point I could see hundreds of snow-capped peaks, thousands of small lakes, and could also get a glimpse of the ocean. Later, a small party of us coached 640 miles into the uninhabited wilderness. We reached a point 4,300 feet above the sea in our coach. We went through the Orlira gorge, much resembling your Yosemite valley, and we also crossed a deep river running between mountains. The manner of crossing was a basket truck on wire. The distance was 750 feet. On the other side we took another coach and visited the immense sheep ranches at Wellington Harbor. We also visited the Maori savages. These people are very kind, but easily riled, and when so, are dangerous. They looked very fierce and hideous with their bodies tattooed all over. Their country is wonderful, abounding in geysers and hot springs, boiling cauldrons and boiling mud. We saw a staircase of boiling water basins.

"We have visited all your principal cities and places of interest. The rocks in the Rocky mountains beat anything I have ever seen. Wichita falls, Niagara falls, Yosemite valley and a thousand other points we visited are wonderful. At Texas I took a hand a-rounding up cattle and branding and cutting them. So far I have traveled 31,200 miles. When I get back to London I will have traveled 34,200 miles, giving me an average of 136 miles each day since I left home."

West Point.

The Board of Visitors to the West Point Military Academy, in their annual report to the Secretary of War, says the general impression made by the appearance of the cadets in drill and review gives a very favorable idea of the discipline of the institution. The board are of the opinion that every graduate of the academy should be an expert in the use of the rifle, off hand or lying down, at short or at long range, completely understanding and competent to teach all that a scientific marksman ought to know. They recommend that increased opportunities and instruction be given, with a view of obtaining the highest excellence with small arms. An appropriation of $3,000 is recommended for a new gymnasium, $5,000 for improving the cadet laundry, $10,000 for improving the blacksmith and other shops, $12,000 for removing the barracks for the cavalry detachment nearer the stables and riding half, $5,000 for changes in the library building, $17,500 to make suitable provision for the departments of chemistry and philosophy. The board recommends that the number of appointments "at large" be restored to 10 per year.

Like a Crater Valley.

The Beaver Basin, Wyoming, is for all the world like a crater valley with a huge cone towering in the middle. It is 6,100 feet above the sea level, and has two wells in partial running order giving what is claimed to be the best lubricant in the American market, of a gravity in the crude of 13,90 Beaume, of a color like dark mahogany and smelling like a mixture of linseed oil and balsam. Crossing the Rattlesnake Basin in the third block to the east is a curious congregation of tall, queer-shapen sandstone groups, which look in the distance like the building of a city, so curiously did the water work in, out and around them hundreds of years ago. Rattlesnake Basin is bounded by step-like hills, from which eleven streams of oil flow. The oil from these bottoms is of the heaviest gravity at zero of the Beaume scale and is very black. A shovelful when thrown into water will sink immediately and is of an asphaltum consistency, containing largely vaseline products.

Nature has written a letter of credit on some men's faces which is honored wherever presented.

Cavalry in Future Wars.

Among the military nations of the continent it is recognized that, so far from the time for the efficacious employment of cavalry either on the battle-field or in enterprises against the flanks or rear of an enemy being past, a glorious future is dawning for that arm, and that opportunities will arise when well-disciplined, well-trained, and well-commanded cavalry may, through its power of securing for itself comparative immunity from the dangers to which other arms are in a higher ratio exposed, take a leading part in the conflict and perhaps decide the fate of a campaign. Among other high authorities, Field Marshal Count Moltke has recorded his opinion that because in future the destructive fire of artillery will necessitate a scattered formation, the role of cavalry will be most important

History proves that without cavalry a victory is rarely brilliant. If cavalry, is beaten, according to Montecuculi, the battle is entirely lost; if, on the other hand, it is victorious, the victory is complete. From the day when Hasdrubal destroyed the Roman host at Cannæ until that on which 2,000 years afterward, the British squadrons, charging the flanks of the old guard at Waterloo, "prevented all rallying" after the annihilation of the French cavalry, this axiom has been true. In the last great war cavalry on both sides were on several occasions nobly sacrificed in order to gain time for the infantry, or in heroic efforts to avert disasters already irreparable, but neither in the "death rides" of Worth or Rejonville, or in the terrible slaughter of Sedan, were the losses as heavy as those incurred by cavalry in the days of muzzle-loaders.

That the effect of fire of modern weapons, requiring as they do in their use considerable skill and a correct judgmeet of distance, would be very destructive to cavalry moving rapidly outside the line of 400 yards remains to be proved.

As Elzey's brigade was pressing forward to the line held by the Confederates at the bloody battle of Gaines's Mill, a squad of fifteen or twenty soldiers were encountered on their way to the rear. A tall fellow at the head of the little party drew special attention to himself by singing out at the top of his voice with an oath, "Gentlemen, we had the honor of being captured by Stonewall Jackson himself"—a statement which he repeated with evident pride all along the line, as our men tramped past. It was subsequently learned that his story was true. General Jackson, having ridden some distance in advance, had come suddenly upon the blue-coats, and with his characteristic impetuosity, had charged among them and ordered them to surrender, which they made haste to do.

She Gave It to a Gambler.

News from Chicago says, Mrs. Thomas Smith confessed to the city detectives recently that she had not been gagged and robbed of $1,000 as she had reported, but that she had given the money to her lover, who lost it at the Washington Park races. Mr. Smith is chief draughtsman at the Dearborn foundry. Mrs. Smith married him seven years ago. Recently they determined to buy a home and commenced to save to that end. Her story is that a somewhat noted gambler here, "Black Jack" Bass, was intimate with her before her marriage and their relations have continued since then. During the seven years she had given him $1,200, money procured from her husband under one pretense or another, and recently she gave him the $1,000 which had been saved. Recently her husband asked her to have the money ready that evening, as he intended to pay it out as a first instalment on the purchase of a house. Meanwhile Bass had lost it. With the determination of committing suicide she set about washing herself and otherwise making preparations for a presentable appearance in death. While using the towel the happy thought of gagging and robbing fiction suggested itself. Binding her arms and legs and disarranging her clothing, she crawled out to the front door and made the noise which brought the neighbors to the scene. Her story was that two men disguised as plumbers had secured entrance to the house and robbed her. The detectives arrested Bass on general principles and he brought about the confession of the woman.

Street-car Fares in Scotland.

In many town in Scotland where street railways are in operation a custom is in vogue that is an improvement on the American system. Instead of charging a stated fare, from which there is no deviation on account of the distance the passenger travels, the car routes are laid off into districts. When a passenger gets on a car he pays one penny, which takes him to the end of that district, and then the conductor re-enters the car and collects another penny from each person, and continues doing so as each new district is entered until the terminus of the line is reached. By this means, a passenger only pays for the distance he rides, and is thus encouraged to enter the cars even when he has but a short distance to go.

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED KURTZ, . . . Editor.

CENTRE HALL, PA., JULY 29, 1885.

AFRICAN OUTRAGES.

One Thousand Youths and Women Carried to the Sacrificial Banquet.

London, July 21.—Intelligence has been received from West Africa that the King of Dahomey, with many followers, on May 10th made a raid on the villages under French protection near Porto Novo. His troops indulged in wholesale massacre of the inhabitants, and burned all their dwellings. One thousand youths and women were captured and carried back into Dahomey to be sacrificed at the cannibalistic feast.

Every year Gelele, the Dahomeyan king, makes extensive sacrifices in honor of the memory of his father, the victims being prisoners of war. The Dahomeyans make wars on the neighboring tribes and manage to capture a large number of prisoners. This year this blood-thirsty monarch has varied the game by assaulting the French settlements on the adjacent coast, an indiscretion which is likely to get him into serious trouble. The Rev. John Milum, a Wesleyan missionary at Dahomey, a few years ago gave the following account of these sacrifices:

"The yearly custom made by King Gelele for his father Gezo is not yet finished, a number of important matters interfering and calling for the presence of the king to settle. It appears that forty human beings are reserved to complete the ceremony—twenty men and twenty women. Eighty persons are to be presented for sacrifice, but, under the guise of mercy, one-half will be liberated. Contrary to statements made by previous travelers, these victims are all prisoners of war, and have committed no crime, but have simply been unfortunate enough to be captured whilst defending their homes against the invading foe. The people, knowing my opinion upon the subject, are reluctant to furnish me with full information of all the sacrifices that take place; but I am strongly impressed that they are offered every day, for every morning I hear the king's crier crying the great names of the king, and beating his bell and going through the whole ceremony in the market place, and soon after I hear the tattoo of drums and the firing of muskets, which announce that the cruel deed is done. Moreover, the birds never cease to congregate in the region of the ravine where the bodies are thrown. I have but to go outside the walls of the compound to see the gorged vultures and turkey buzzards sitting in grim silence in the trees near the dreadful place or on the wing circling over it.

"The victims this year, as well as the last, are from Mikkam, a large town to the east of Dahomey, which was invaded and destroyed by the Dahomeyans last year, and from which, it is stated by some intelligent natives, there were brought a little over 17,000 captives and 7,200 heads."

OUTCAST LONDON.

Much excitement has been made by reports recently published on the vile condition of the slums of London. In one cellar was found a family consisting of a man sick with small-pox, his dying wife, three half naked and dirty children, and one pig. In some parts there is one gin-mill to every hundred persons. What defilement! Yet corresponding impurities often defile the human blood. They can be cast out by Brown's Iron Bitters, the great strengthener and purifier. Mr. J. B. Strange, of Stark Lake, Florida, says: "Brown's Iron Bitters is the best blood purifier I ever tried. It gives all the satisfaction a man wants."

Dip one end of a sponge in water and the whole will soon be saturated. So a disease in one part of the body effects other parts. You have noticed this yourself. Kidney and liver troubles, unless checked, will induce constipation, piles, rheumatism and gravel. A timely use of Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy will prevent these results. It is pleasant to the taste and may be taken freely by children and delicate females. It gives electricity, life and cheeks with roses on them. july

AN IMPORTANT DISCOVERY.

The most important discovery is that which brings the most good to the greatest number. Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption, coughs and colds, will preserve the health and save life, and is a priceless boon to the afflicted. Not only does it positively cure consumption, but coughs, colds, bronchitis, asthma, hoarseness and all affections of the throat, chest and lungs, yield at once to its wonderful curative powers. If you doubt this, get a trial bottle free, at J. Zeller & Son's drug store, Bellefonte.

BLOODY WORK AT KASSALA.

Rebels Storm the Garrison and Are Repulsed, Losing Three Thousand Men.

London, July 21.—A dispatch from Cairo says that news has reached there from Kassala that a large force of rebels attacked that place and made several attempts to carry it by assault. They were finally repulsed, and the garrison at Kassala, following up their victory, captured the rebel camp with 2,000 oxen and sheep and 700 rifles. The enemy lost 3,000 men killed and wounded, while the garrison's casualties were small. The news of the attack was sent to Cairo by Major Chermside. The attack took place on June 15 and 16.

Cairo, July 21.—It is understood that England is sanguine of making an arrangement with King John, of Abyssinia, to relieve Kassala.

"It fairly worries me to think of the multitude of things advertised to cure disease," you say. No wonder. But in the mountains of chaff there are grains of golden wheat. We may find it difficult to induce you to test the merits of Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, but, when you have done so, our work is ended. Afterwards you and this medicine will be fast friends. Favorite Remedy would have died out long ago except for its real usefulness. But it is good and does good. july

—Merchant tailoring in all its branches done at the Philad. Branch. A tailor of long experience superintends all work, and utmost satisfaction guaranteed. tf.

AN AUSTRALIAN INTOXICANT.

Their own stimulant, kava, they continue to use in great quantities, and many of the Europeans have contracted a liking for it. All the Wairrapans have a taste of it, and marvel that any white man can acquire a penchant for such stuff. Its flavor resembles soap suds more than anything else one can compare it with. The root used is botanically known as that of the *piper methisticum*; it is hard and woody, hence the object of the chewing, which liberates the juice of the root more freely than any other process. Europeans grate the root and pound it, but admit that the liquor is not equal to that chewed. In Samoa the preparation of the kava bowl is attended with very great ceremony, only the young unmarried girls being allowed to chew it. The root is cut up into fine pieces, and the girls, who are directed by the prettiest of them, first rinse their mouths, take up a piece, and when sufficiently masticated and formed into a ball, spit it into a bowl. The chief girl then calls for water, and after washing her hands directs one of her companions to pour on the water while she stirs the root with her hand. When enough water is in, and the balls are properly mixed with the ingredient, she takes up a strainer made of fibres of bibiscus, and passes it from side to side of the bowl. When the strainer is saturated she lifts it high above the bowl and squeezes the balls through the strainer in her hand. This is continued until the kava bowl is ready.

It is contended by some of the Europeans who use chewed root that the mastication is perfectly dry and is a mere crushing process, but of course an amount of saliva must get incorporated in the process. The medicinal properties of kava are tonic and nervous sedative, and it is to these effects, and not to its flavor, that the taste of the drink arises.

THE INVENTION OF INK.

When ink was first introduced does not seem to have been decided, but given the paper and the pen, a colored medium which would show on a light surface was so obvious a want, and one so readily found, that there is no extraordinary credit due to the unknown inventor. It appears to be only of comparatively late years that black ink has been almost universal. Roman ink was red, purple and gold, and inks of blue, green, violet and other shades were not uncommon. It is said that simple as is the composition of ink, "we possess none equal in beauty and color to that used by the ancients; the Saxon MSS. written in England exceed in color anything of the kind." Modern ink makers will deny the superiority of the ancients; but who shall say whether words written in the ink manufactured to-day will stand as vividly centuries hence as those Saxon MSS. have stood? It is difficult to see how the writing materials of the present day can be improved upon, for convenience at least, setting aside questions of lasting inks, which the generation that uses them cannot settle. Paper, rough or smooth, fluent inks of any color that the writer may believe suitable to his eyes, pens as fine as a needle or as blunt as a spade, are all to be bought in every street. The great lack of the age seems to be ideas at once more novel and sensible in the record of which these serviceable materials may be employed.

A CATLESS CITY.

One of the queerest of the many queer things about "this here mining camp," as most of the natives still call Leadville, is that in all the length and breadth thereof there lives not a single cat. Cats have been imported here by hundreds and in all varieties of color, breeding and size, but not one has ever survived the second week of its residence. The midnight serenade, the back yard clawing contest, and the bootjack act are alike unknown to the Leadvillian, and his nightly slumber is sound and sweet—a calm and undisturbed repose. The healthiest, sleekest cat in St. Louis, if brought to Leadville, would lose all interest in life the moment it reached here, and, after moping around in a sickly, disconsolate way for a few days, resignedly have a fit and give up the ghost. A saloon-keeper brought a big Maltese from Denver, hoping the animal would survive the fits long enough to be acclimated; but it was no use. The cat had a fit the first day, two or three the second, and then the number of attacks increased until, as the saloon man said, "there were more fits than cats and the cat had to give in." However, as there are no rats in Leadville, there is no real need of cats, and it makes very little difference whether they live or die. The thin atmosphere at this latitude is as fatal to the vermin as to their foe, and the inhabitants are thus mercifully spared the infliction of both.

WHY SHE HESITATED.

A rustic beauty was courted by two swains, a fashion-plate young clerk from New York, and a country lawyer who was careless in his attire, but very clever. When reproached by a friend for keeping both lovers in suspense, the girl said she was hesitating between dress and address.

Shelled corn and other coarse grain wanted at the Centre Hall roller mill.

SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR

THE GREAT Unfailing Specific FOR Liver Disease.

SYMPTOMS: Bitter or bad taste in mouth; tongue coated white or covered with a brown fur; pain in the back, sides, or joints—often mistaken for Rheumatism; **sour stomach; loss of appetite;** sometimes nausea and waterbrash, or indigestion; flatulency and acid eructations; bowels alternately costive and lax; **headache;** loss of memory, with a painful sensation of having failed to do something which ought to have been done; **debility;** low spirits; a thick, **yellow** appearance of the skin and eyes; a dry cough; fever; restlessness; the urine is scanty and high-colored, and, if allowed to stand, deposits a sediment.

SIMMONS ✦ LIVER ✦ REGULATOR

Is generally used in the South to arouse the Torpid Liver to a healthy action. Being **entirely vegetable,** no particular care is required while using this medicine.

The **Regulator** acts without disturbance to the system, diet or occupation. **It regulates the Liver,** and Nature relieving herself, causes the bile to act as the purge. The excess of bile being removed, a **tonic effect** is produced, and health is perfectly restored.

It Regulates the Bowels and Removes CONSTIPATION.

It is a CERTAIN CURE FOR DYSPEPSIA.

The **Regulator** contains no quinine, mineral, or anything that will injure the most delicate patient, and is given with **safety** and the **happiest results** to the most delicate infant. For all diseases in which a **laxative, alterative or purgative** is needed it will give the most perfect satisfaction. The Cheapest, Purest and Best Family Medicine in the World!

THERE IS BUT ONE SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR!

See that you get the **genuine,** with the red Z on front of Wrapper, prepared only by

J. H. ZEILIN & CO.,

SOLE PROPRIETORS, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

TUTT'S PILLS

25 YEARS IN USE.

The Greatest Medical Triumph of the Age!

SYMPTOMS OF A TORPID LIVER.

Loss of appetite, Bowels costive, Pain in the head, with a dull sensation in the back part, Pain under the shoulder-blade, Fullness after eating, with a disinclination to exertion of body or mind, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, with a feeling of having neglected some duty, Weariness, Dizziness, Fluttering at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, Headache over the right eye, Restlessness, with fitful dreams, Highly colored Urine, and

CONSTIPATION.

TUTT'S PILLS are especially adapted to such cases, one dose effects such a change of feeling as to astonish the sufferer. They **Increase the Appetite,** and cause the body to **Take on Flesh,** thus the system is **nourished,** and by their **Tonic Action** on the **Digestive Organs, Regular Stools** are produced. Price 25c. 44 Murray St., N.Y.

TUTT'S HAIR DYE.

GRAY HAIR OR WHISKERS changed to a GLOSSY BLACK by a single application of this DYE. It imparts a natural color, acts instantaneously. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of $1.

Office, 44 Murray St., New York.

HALL'S Vegetable Sicilian HAIR RENEWER.

The great popularity of this preparation, after its test of many years, should be an assurance, even to the most skeptical, that it is really meritorious. Those who have used HALL'S HAIR RENEWER know that it does all that is claimed.

It causes new growth of hair on bald heads—provided the hair follicles are not dead, which is seldom the case; restores natural color to gray or faded hair; preserves the scalp healthful and clear of dandruff; prevents the hair falling off or changing color; keeps it soft, pliant, lustrous, and causes it to grow long and thick.

HALL'S HAIR RENEWER produces its effects by the healthful influence of its vegetable ingredients, which invigorate and rejuvenate. It is not a dye, and is a delightful article for toilet use. Containing no alcohol, it does not evaporate quickly and dry up the natural oil, leaving the hair harsh and brittle, as do other preparations.

Buckingham's Dye FOR THE WHISKERS

Colors them brown or black, as desired, and is the best dye, because it is harmless; produces a permanent natural color; and, being a single preparation, is more convenient of application than any other.

PREPARED BY

R. P. HALL & CO., Nashua, N. H.

Sold by all Dealers in Medicines.

RAINBOW RUPTURE RELIEF & CURE.

Simple, safe, reliable and a perfect retainer. It is **not a Truss.** Worn Day and Night and its presence forgotten. Send for circular with testimonials from grateful sufferers cured by this appliance. Address Central Medical and Surgical Institute 920 Locust St., St. Louis, Mo.

Skilful treatment given all kinds of surgical and medical cases. Weakening diseases and private troubles in male and female our specialty. Be sure to write us before taking treatment elsewhere. Consultation free and invited.

AGENTS Make over 100 per cent. profit selling the Family Coffee Roaster, perfect in operation, and of great domestic utility. Write for circular.

FAMILY COFFEE ROASTER CO., ST. LOUIS, MO.

Will It Pay?

There are some farmers who say, "It will not pay to use Phosphate; it costs too much." Some of these farmers toil year after year on almost barren fields, and hardly raise half a crop of anything. Suppose they would buy a ton or two of Baugh's $25 Phosphate every year, and raise on one acre what they now raise on three, and make their poor land good; get plenty of wheat, rye, grass, straw, manure and, the most needful of all, *money*. Will it pay? Of course it will. There is nothing a farmer can buy that will pay him so well for his investment in so short a time as Phosphate.

Baugh & Sons,

Philadelphia.

—TO FARMERS—

AND

Others Interested!

I AM SELLING

Rosendale Cement

at $2 per barrel and quantities lower. Receive fresh ground twice a month.

Double Harpoon Hay Forks

at $1.75. Sold last year at $5 and $6 each.

Golden Clipper Scythes,

Razor Steel, at 75 Cts. each, formerly $1.

Ropes,

Manilla, all sizes, at greatly reduced prices.

Hay Pulleys,

Iron and Wood, 25 and 50 Cents each, &c., &c., &c.

CRADLES,

Ball, Eagle, Western,—lower than were ever known, $2.75 to $3. $2.25 each for a good cradle.

Barb-Wire,

at 5½ to 6 cents a pound

Galvanized—Cactus, Buckthorn, Brinkerhoff, Tablett—reduced to the lowest prices.

Write and Inquire for Prices.

F. G. Francisus,

17jun2m **Lewistown, Pa.**

FREE TRIAL PACKAGE. FOR MEN ONLY.

PROF. HARRIS' Pastille

A RADICAL CURE FOR NERVOUS DEBILITY, Organic Weakness, & PHYSICAL DECAY, In Young & Middle Aged Men.

TESTED FOR SEVEN YEARS BY USE IN MANY THOUSAND CASES.

TREATMENT. One Month, $3.00 Two Months, 5.00 Three Months, 7.00

VITAL RESTORER

NERVOUS DEBILITY, Unfavorable Weakness, Decay and numerous obscure diseases, baffling the skilled physicians, result from youthful indiscretion, too free indulgence, or over brain work. Avoid the imposition of pretentious remedies for these troubles. Get our Free Circular and Trial Package, and learn important facts before taking treatment elsewhere. Take a SURE REMEDY that HAS CURED thousands, does not interfere with attention to business, or cause pain or inconvenience in any way. Founded on scientific medical principles. By direct application to the seat of disease its specific influence is felt without delay. The natural functions of the human organism is restored. The animating elements of life, which have been wasted are given back, and the patient becomes cheerful and rapidly gains both strength and actual vigor.

HARRIS REMEDY CO., M'f'g CHEMISTS 3009 N. Tenth St., ST. LOUIS, MO.

RUPTURED PERSONS! Not a Truss. Ask for terms of our Appliance.

WE GIVE FREE TRIAL

I WANT AGENTS TO SELL THE MISSOURI STEAM Washer

Men and Women of good character and intelligence. Exclusive Territory Guaranteed. A weeks' trial of sample Washer to be returned at my expense if not satisfactory. A thousand per cent. the best Washer in the world, and pays capable agents BIG money. Intrinsic merit makes it a phenominal success everywhere. For Illustrated circular and terms of agency address, **J. WORTH, St. Louis, Mo.**

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of administration upon the estate of Dan'l Fauber, late of Potter twp., dec'd, having been lawfully granted to the undersigned would respectfully request all persons knowing themselves to be indebted to the estate to make immediate payment and those having claims against the same to present the same duly authenticated for settlement.

17jun6t JOHN HOFFER, Adm'r.

CENTRE HALL MEAT MARKET.—The Centre Hall Meat market having a refrigerator families can at all times be supplied with fresh meats, of the best quality, also bologna sausage. Next door to hotel; open day and evening.

14may tf HENRY BOOZER.

The Rev. Chas. E. Piper, formerly of Pittsfield, N. H., but now of Wakefield, R. I., writes: "My wife had been an invalid for years, but Baxter's Mandrake Bitters cured her." N. H. Downs' Vegetable Balsamic Elixir always cures coughs, colds and consumption, when taken in season. Henry & Johnson's Arnica and Oil Liniment, for strains, bruises, cuts, swellings, old sores, etc., is excellent. july

If you want the two papers, the REPORTER and the "New York Weekly World," for one year at $2.25, you can have the two by sending us the $2.25 in advance and a new name with $2.25, to which the two papers will also be sent. This is a big bargain, and we are only able to carry it out upon the above plan.

BUCKLEN'S ARNICA SALVE.

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents a box. For sale by J. Zeller & Son, Bellefonte, druggists. jan7y

SELWYN HALL READING, PENN.

A thorough preparatory School for Boys. **Conducted upon the Military plan.** Boys of any age admitted. Send for catalogue, terms, etc.

L. C. BISHOP, Head Master, Reading, Pa.

Conklin Farm and Lumber Wagons,

Platform Spring Wagons,

GROCER'S, BAKER'S

and other Delivery Wagons,

Open and Top Buggies,

MOWERS

Hay Tedders, Hay Loaders,

AND OTHER

Farm Implements

SHIPPED TO EVERY BODY'S ORDER ACCOMPANIED WITH THE CASH,

—AT VERY LOW PRICES,—

FROM THE WHOLESALE

Agricultural Implement House

OF

G. W. NICELY,

109 & 111 West 3d St.

Williamsport, Penn'a.

LARGEST AND BEST Selected Stock in Western Penn'a. All Goods Guaranteed.

Every man his own Agent and no Agent's commission to pay.

Write for Catalogue and Prices.

Telephone connection. 18feb6m

TO FARMERS.

New Implement STORE AT SPRING MILLS.

The undersigned has opened a store at Spring Mills for all kinds of Agricultural Implements:

BINDERS, HARVESTERS, MOWERS, GRAIN DRILLS, CULTIVATORS, HAY-RAKES, PLOWS, SPRING-TOOTH HARROWS, FANNING MILLS, CORN-PLANTERS, AND CORN-DRILLS, FEED CUTTERS, FEED MILLS, AND WAGONS, — WAGONS, also dealer in

ENGINES,

PORTABLE AND STATIONARY, SAW-MILLS, AND MACHINERY belonging to SAW MILLS, STEAM THRESHING RIGS, WITH ENGINES, UPRIGHT OR HORIZONTAL BOILERS, AND CLOVER HULLERS—

Infact, everything that belongs to that line of business. I will also handle

—PHOSPHATE.—

I respectfully invite all farmers or any persons wishing to purchase any of the above machinery to come and see my stock, examine prices, and be convinced that I am prepared to sell cheaper than any one in the county.

W. L. SNYDER,

11jun3m SPRING MILLS, PENN'A.

WANTED

&c. SALARIES ... expenses. Full outfit free. Address, Le CLARE & HERRICK, Brighton, N. Y. One mile east of Rochester.

If you want good shoulder braces, suitable for ladies and gentlemen, and at reasonable prices, go to the Centre Hall drug store. J. D. MURRAY, Druggist.

11jun tf

C. Dreisbach,

LEWISBURG, PA.,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN

GENERAL HARDWARE,

Saddlery and Carriage Material,

—Blacksmith Supplies,—

Oils, Paints, Window Glass.

LARGEST STOCK IN CENTRAL PENN'A.

18feb6m

New Arrival of Goods

AT NEW STORE!

NEW GOODS! NEW GOODS

HARPER & KREAMER,

Centre Hall,

Have just opened in one of Largest and Best Rooms in the Valley,

—A COMPLETE STOCK OF—

DRY GOODS, DRESS GOODS NOTIONS, HATS & CAPS, BOOTS & SHOES, HARDWARE, OILS AND PAINTS, GLASSWARE, QUENNSWARE, GROCERIES. COFFEES, SUGARS, TEAS, FISH SALT, TOBACCO, SEGARS, EVERYTHING KEPT IN A WELL REGULATEL STORE.

ALL NEW GOODS,

We offer bargains unsurpassed in this COUNTY.

COME AND SEE US.

All kinds of Produce taken, and Highest Market Prices Paid.

Teachers Make $70 to $150 per month selling our STANDARD BOOKS & BIBLES. Steady work for Spring and Summer. Address, J. C. MCCURDY & Co., Philadelphia.

DO YOU KNOW

THAT

—LORILLARD'S CLIMAX—

PLUG TOBACCO

with Red Tin Tag; Ross Leaf Fine Cut Chewing Navy Clippings, and Black, Brown and Yellow SNUFFS are the best and cheapest, quality considered? 6aug y.

Cards—Attorneys.

D. F. FORTNEY, Attorney-at-Law, Office in old Co'rd building, Bellefont

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JOHN KLINE, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, BELLEFONTE, PA Office on second floor of Furst's new building north of Court House. Can be consulted in English or German. 7jan'84

JOHN F. POTTER, Attorney-at-Law Collections promtly made and special attention given to those having lands or property for sale. Will draw up and have acknowledged Deeds, Mortgages bonds &c. Bellefonte, Pa.

J. H. ORVIS. C. M. BOWER. E. L. ORVIS ORVIS, BOWER & ORVIS, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW BELLEFONTE, PA. Office opposite the Court House, on 2d floor of Furst's building. 21jan 85

Dentists.

DR G. W. BOSTERMAN, Dentist, Centre Hall Office at residence on Church street, opposite Lutheran Church. Will give satisfaction in all branches of his profession. Ether administered. 1may

DR. S. G. GUTELIUS.—Dentist, Millheim. Offers his professional services to the public. He is prepared to perform all operations in the dental profession. He is now fully prepared to extract teeth absolutely without pain. may 2 78

Hotels.

BUSH HOUSE. W. R. Teller, proprietor, Bellefonte, Pa. Special attention given to country trade. june16y

CUMMINGS HOUSE, BELLEFONTE, PA. EMANUEL BROWN, Proprietor. The traveling community will find this hotel equal to any in the county in every respect, for man and beast, and charges very moderate. Give it a trial 26june tf

NEW BROCKERHOFF HOUSE. BROCKERHOFF HOUSE, ALLEGHENY ST., BELLEFONTE, PA. G. G. McMILLEN, Prop'r. Good Sample Rooms on First Floor. Free Buss to and from all trains. Special rates to witnesses and jurors. 15ap

CENTRE HALL HOTEL. D. J. MEYER, Prop'r. FOR SUMMER BOARDERS AND TRANSIENT CUSTOM. Good Table, healthy locality, pure mountain water, surrounded by finest natural scenery in the state. Schools and churches convenient. Terms very reasonable. 16aug tf

IRVIN HOUSE, LOCK HAVEN, PA. S. WOODS CALDWELL, Proprietor. Terms reasonable. Good sample rooms on first floor.

CAMERON HOUSE, LEWISBURG, PENN'A. STETTLER & CODER..... Proprietors SPECIAL RATES TO COMMERCIAL TRAVELERS OVER SUNDAY. Good Livery attached. Free Buss to and from all trains. 14apy

J. D. MURRAY, Centre Hall, Pa., Dealer in DRUGS, popular Patent Medicines Whiskey, Brandy, Wine, and Holland Gin kept and sold for medicinal purposes only. Store open every day in the week. 16may tf

CENTRE COUNTY BANKING CO., BELLEFONTE, PENN'A. Receive Deposits and allow Interest; Discount Notes; Buy and Sell Government Securities; JAS. A. BEAVER, President. J. D. SHUGERT, Cashier

PENN'S VALLEY BANKING CO., CENTRE HALL, PA. Receive Deposits and allow Interest; Discount Notes; Buy and Sell Government Securities; Gold and Coupons. WM. WOLF, President W. B. MINGLE, Cashier.

J. ZELLER & SON, DRUGGISTS, Bellefonte, Pa. Dealer In DRUGS, CHEMICALS; DRUGS PERFUMERY, FANCY GOODS, &c Pure Wines and Liquors for medicinal purposes always kept

FIRE & LIFE INSURANCE.—The undersigned represents twelve as good Fire Insurance companies as can be found in the world, and also represents the best Life and Accident companies in existence My motto is, "I study to please." Office in Bush's block, (over Valentine & Co.'s store,) Bellefonte, Pa. 27may1yr] BOND VALENTINE.

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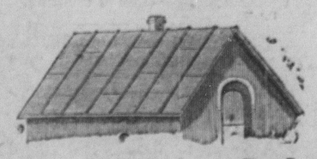

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Scientific

Aluminum is sold in leaves like gold, and it has been employed in Leyden jars instead of tin foil. Its application in leaf form is, however, by no means confined to that use.

A new electric battery has been proposed by M. de Sainte Marie. The positive pole is of lead surrounded with lead chlorate, and the negative pole is of zinc plunging into a solution of lead chloride.

In a paper on the laws of solution read before the Academy of Sciences, Paris, M. H. Le Chatelier concludes that solubility increases with the temperature for bodies whose solution absorbs heat, decreases for those that liberate heat, and remains unchanged when the heat of solution is null.

It is said that an English firm has been experimenting with Rangoon earth oil as fuel, with satisfactory results, for steam street railway motors. An engine designed to burn this kind of fuel has, in consequence, been sent to Burma, for working street railways there. It is estimated that the use of the new fuel will reduce the working expenses 20 per cent.

A method of taking the specific heat of solids by measuring the weight of water condensed by the solid when hung up in an atmosphere of steam has been advanced by Mr. Joly before the Royal Society, Dublin. His method, he says, gave great accuracy of results, and it might be used with much advantage in identifying minerals by thus ascertaining their specific heats.

It is stated that in Paris vaseline has been introduced by pastry cooks as a substitute for butter, lard, oil, &c. It does not readily turn rancid, though the belief that it does not change at all is not quite well founded; but it is worse than useless in articles intended for food because it is indigestible and incapable of assimilation. There would seem to be no end of sophistification in food.

At present Russia is endeavoring by every means at her command to promote the manufacture of steel within her territory. Heavy orders for naval artillery, small arms, and armor plates have recently been issued by the War Department to various establishments, and the Katellvanova Steel Works lately received an order for steel rails which will make business brisk there for several years.

The *American Architect* says that the simplest and least expensive method for removing saltpetre exudation from brickwork when the efflorescence is in positions where the sun and wind do not have free access is to wash it off with diluted hydrochloric or common muriatic acid of commerce. About half a pound of the acid is used with an ordinary pailful of water, the application being made with a sponge.

Filter paper which has been immersed in nitric acid and washed with water, Mr. E. E. H. Francis asserts, is toughened to a remarkable degree, the paper being then pervious to liquids and quite different from parchment paper made with sulphuric acid. Such paper can be washed and rubbed without damage, like a piece of linen. It contracts in size under treatment, and the ash is diminished. It undergoes a slight decrease in weight, and it contains no nitrogen.

Mr. Arthur Taylor says that the first undoubted mention of glass in windows he had been able to find was a passage in Lactantius, supposed to have been written about A. D. 300, "per fenestram lucente vitro." Glass for the adornment of church windows was introduced into England by the venerable Bede in the latter part of the seventh century. Leo III., who became Pope at the end of the eighth century, is said to have adorned windows of the Lateran Church with colored glass.

A French authority gives the following recipe for a transparent cement which possesses great tenacity and has not the slightest yellow tinge. Mix in a well-stoppered bottle 10 drams of chloroform with 10½ drams of non-vulcanized caoutchouc cut in small pieces. Solution is readily effected, and when it is completed add 2½ drams of mastic. Let the whole macerate from eight to ten days without the application of any heat, and shake the contents of the bottle at intervals. A perfectly white and very adhesive cement is the result.

Among the prizes to be awarded by the Academy of Sciences, Paris, is the sum of 100,000f. left by M. Breant, as far back as 1849, "to whoever shall find an efficacious remedy for Asiatic cholera, or shall discover the causes of this terrible scourge." To secure this valuable prize it will be necessary (1) to find a means of curing Asiatic cholera in the immense majority of cases, (2) or to indicate with absolute certainty the causes of Asiatic cholera, so that by their suppression the epidemic shall cease, (3) or to discover a certain prophylactic as infallible as, for instance, vaccination is for smallpox.

—Subscribe for the REPORTER.

A BARK CANOE, CANADA.

A bark canoe is only one man's load; he turns it upside down, and walks with it on his head. A man toiling across a portage in this attitude is a somewhat grotesque sight, suggesting a monstrous new kind of snail. Then the canoe will go over shallows where anything else would stick, and as for handiness, an expert canoeman will almost turn it round with one twist of the paddle. Repairs are frequent but simple, consisting mainly in the free application to damaged places of a resinous gum kept in store for that purpose. Speed is a secondary consideration; you cannot go fast paddling up, and you cannot help going fast coming down. We came down a reach in half an hour that we had taken half a day to work up. Often towing and poling have to be resorted to to make way against a heavy current. Paddling, though a more wasteful application of muscular work than rowing, is less fatiguing when the pace is not forced, and after a little practice becomes a very delectable exercise. The traveler embarked on a canoe voyage has to carry most things with him. Along the river there are only scattered farm houses, and the only certain and comfortable way of securing shelter for the night is to camp out. The tents and other necessaries form the cargo of the canoes. It is astonishing how much stuff can be stowed away in a canoe that looks quite small—another merit of the savage birch-bark vessel as compared with European boats. Every night we choose our camping ground, pitch our tents, and make our camp fire; this last is of great importance, not only for warmth and brightness, but for driving away insects, the only drawback in a life otherwise perfect. When people play at camping out in England they make a fire a foot or two across over which they hang a kettle on three sticks. In Canada you make a fire of logs five or six feet long, or maybe whole roots of pine or cedar, which will burn all night. The trouble of chopping the wood up small would be greater than that of burning it as it is, and its cost is nothing. In many places, indeed, the best fuel is drift-wood, which could in no way be made otherwise useful. Even in summer nights the fire is a welcome companion, and after a day's work at paddling hot tea is the best of drinks whatever the temperature may be—not that other drink would be easy to get if one wanted it, but no such want is felt.

LANGUAGE OF THE RED INDIANS.

One singular fact is the infinite diversity of language. Not only every tribe, but every band, of which there are sometimes fifty in a single tribe, has its own dialect or jargon, perfectly unintelligible to all who do not belong to the band. In all times the Indians have disdained to learn even a few words of an enemy's language. Stranger yet, the Cheyennes and Arrapahoes for three-quarters of a century have been firm friends, camping and hunting together and making war upon the same enemies at the same time. The children constantly romp and play together in the common camp. Yet not one in ten of either tribe can hold the most ordinary conversation in the language of the other.

Unable to speak each other's language the Indians of the West have constructed a wonderful sign language by which they hold intercourse. Gestures, signs, are more or less natural to every one. Among the plains Indians alone have they reached their most wonderful development. So complicated and elaborate is the sign language, consisting of countless gestures and movements the slightest variation in which marks wide differences in meaning, that only a few Indians in a tribe are complete masters of it, and the masses can only use it slightly. The signs do not indicate letters nor words, as with the deaf and dumb, but ideas. There is one sign to indicate hunger, another for "stop talking," another for summer, and so on infinitely. Yet an expert sign talker will either make or interpret a long speech, which consists of an infinite number of signs following each other with lightning-like rapidity. Two strange Indians will meet on horseback, each unable to understand a spoken word of the other, and while holding the reins with the left hand, will converse for hours with their right, telling stories or relating their experience without a single misunderstanding.

THE GOLD-BEATER'S ART.

If a sheet of gold leaf is held up against the light it appears to be a vivid green color; this means that the light is transmitted through the leaf. When it is considered that this leaf is a piece of solid metal, a better idea of the extreme tenuity of thickness of the leaf can be comprehended than by any comparison by figures; nothing made by the hand of man equals it in thinness. The extreme thinness is produced by patient hammering, the hammers weighing from seven to twenty pounds, the lighter hammers being first used. When the true method of this beating is understood, the wonder expressed sometimes that gold-leaf beating should not be relegated to machinery, ceases; the art belongs to the highest department of human skill and judgment. Apprentices have served a term, and have been compelled to abandon the business, because they never could acquire the requisite skill and judgment combined necessary to become successful workmen.

—ORIENTAL is the best in the market. Try a sack.

Chronic Ulcers and Catarrh.

Mrs. Christian Zelle, aged sixty-three years, of Carondelet, St. Louis, Missouri, had a chronic ulcer on her leg which had been running for forty-three years. To use her own language, she had "tried all the doctors," but without perceptible benefit. Two of the most noted of this city advised her, as the only alternative from death, to have the leg amputated below the knee. She was troubled with an intolerable itching sensation, which only gave way to a distracting pain, which made death her daily wish. She could not sleep or rest. On March 21, this year, she commenced using Dr. Hartman's PERUNA, and to-day the leg is entirely healed, and the thankful old lady says she has slept more during the last three months than she did in the previous forty-three years.

Miss Alice Brady, of East St. Louis, Illinois, suffered from catarrh ophthalmia for five years. On April 27 she began treatment under Dr. Hartman. For a year before she was a patient of two of the best known oculists of this city, but they signally failed to help her. After one month under Dr. Hartman and his PERUNA, her eyes have almost entirely healed, and, according to her own statement, he has done more for her in this short space of time than the oculists did in the previous whole year. PERUNA, of course, did it.

Miss Annie Baker, First Avenue, Milwaukee, writes: "I take great pleasure in recommending PERUNA. For years I have suffered from Asthma. I was induced to try PERUNA. It promptly relieved the paroxysms, and its continued use renders their recurrence less and less frequent. I am confident it will cure me completely."

Walker Brothers, druggists, Batavia, O., write: "DR. S. B. HARTMAN, Columbus, O., Dear Sir: Some two weeks ago I had a very peculiar case, and after a few questions were answered, I came to the conclusion it was catarrh of the stomach of the worst kind, of ten years' standing. The patient had consulted every physician far and near. I persuaded her to try your PERUNA and MANALIN. She had been having spasms every three or four days, and the fifth dose kept them off, and they have not returned since."

W. M. Griffith, Ashland, Ky., writes: "The large chronic ulcers of fifteen months' standing, are entirely healed. The swelling, pain and itching have all subsided, the leg is healed, and I am perfectly well. PERUNA is a wonderful remedy."

An Efficient Remedy

In all cases of Bronchial and Pulmonary Affections is AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL. As such it is recognized and prescribed by the medical profession, and in many thousands of families, for the past forty years, it has been regarded as an invaluable household remedy. It is a preparation that only requires to be taken in very small quantities, and a few doses of it administered in the early stages of a cold or cough will effect a speedy cure, and may, very possibly, save life. There is no doubt whatever that

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

Has preserved the lives of great numbers of persons, by arresting the development of **Laryngitis, Bronchitis, Pneumonia, and Pulmonary Consumption**, and by the cure of those dangerous maladies. It should be kept ready for use in every family where there are children, as it is a medicine far superior to all others in the treatment of **Croup**, the alleviation of **Whooping Cough**, and the cure of **Colds and Influenza**, ailments peculiarly incidental to childhood and youth. Promptitude in dealing with all diseases of this class is of the utmost importance. The loss of a single day may, in many cases, entail fatal consequences. Do not waste precious time in experimenting with medicines of doubtful efficacy, while the malady is constantly gaining a deeper hold, but take at once the speediest and most certain to cure,

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Expelled After Using Dr. David Kennedy's "Favorite Remedy" Two Weeks.

One of the most remarkable cases that has ever been brought to the notice of the public is that of Mr. J. S. Beach, of Stone Ridge, Ulster county, N. Y. Mr. Beach had suffered since Oct. 18, 1874, from the presence of Calculus or Stone in the right kidney. No less than seven physicians were employed at different times, to whom Mr. Beach paid hundreds of dollars for medical treatment, with only temporary relief from his agony.

By the urgent solicitations of his friends he was induced to try Dr. David Kennedy's "Favorite Remedy," and experienced a marked improvement from the first day he began to use the medicine. On the 15th of September he voided a stone as large as he could pass through the natural channel.

Mr. Beach concludes a long letter to Dr. Kennedy by saying, "It will always afford me pleasure to recommend the 'Favorite Remedy' to those who may be suffering from difficulties of the kidneys and bladder or any disorders arising from an impure state of the blood."

Wm. McKnew, 124 Fayette St., Baltimore, Md., says: "I believe 'Favorite Remedy' is a good medicine. It is doing me more good than anything I ever tried, and I have tried almost everything, for I am a sufferer from dyspepsia." While "Favorite Remedy" is a specific in Stomach and Bladder diseases, it is equally valuable in cases of billious disorders, constipation of the bowels and all the class of ills apparently inseparable from the constitutions of women. Price, $1; six bottles, $5.

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The celebrated author in this admirable essay, clearly demonstrates from a thirty years' practice, that the alarming consequences of self-abuse may be radically cured; pointing out a mode of cure at once simple, certain and effectual, by means of which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately and radically.

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PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.—(Philadelphia and Erie Division).—On and after July 9, 1876.

	WESTWARD.			
ERIE MAIL leaves	Philadelphia			11 20 p m
" "	Harrisburg			3 50 a m
" "	Montandon			5 46 a m
" "	Williamsport			7 25 a m
" "	Jersey Shore			7 57 a m
" "	Lock Haven			8 25 a m
" "	Renovo			9 55 a m
" arr at	Erie			6 00 p m
NEWS EXPRESS leaves	Philadelphia			4 30 a m
" "	Harrisburg			9 10 a m
" "	Montandon			10 12 a m
" "	Williamsport			11 10 a m
" arr at	Lock Haven			12 05 p m
NIAGARA EXP. leaves	Philadelphia			7 40 a m
" "	Harrisburg			11 25 a m
" "	Montandon			1 30 a m
" arr at	Williamsport			2 30 p m
" "	Lock Haven			3 55 p m
" "	Renovo			5 05 p m
" "	Kane			9 20 p m
Passengers by this train arrive in Bellefonte at				5 05 p m
EAST LINE leaves	Philadelphia			11 50 p m
" "	Harrisburg			3 43 p m
" "	Montandon			5 58 p m
" "	Williamsport			7 15 p m
" "	Lock Haven			8 15 p m
" arr at	Renovo			9 15 p m
	(Sunday Train.			
SUNDAY MAIL leaves	Philadelphia			4 30 a m
" "	Harrisburg			7 40 a m
" "	Montandon			9 37 a m
" "	Williamsport			10 40 a m
" "	Lock Haven			11 33 a m
" arrives	Renovo			12 30 p m
	EASTWARD.			
SEA SHORE EXP. leaves	Lock Haven			7 00 a m
" "	Jersey Shore			7 29 a m
" "	Williamsport			8 10 a m
" "	Montandon			9 16 a m
" arr at	Harrisburg			11 30 a m
" "	Philadelphia			6 15 p m
DAY EXPRESS leaves	Kane			5 45 a m
" "	Renovo			10 00 a m
" "	Lock Haven			11 00 a m
" "	Williamsport			12 15 p m
" "	Montandon			1 17 p m
" arr at	Harrisburg			3 25 p m
" "	Philadelphia			6 50 p m
WMPT ACN leaves	Renovo			3 40 p m
" "	Lock Haven			5 00 p m
" "	Williamsport			6 35 p m
" "	Montandon			7 41 p m
" arrives at	Harrisburg			10 00 p m
" "	Philadelphia			4 25 a m

Sunday Train—Williamsport Accom'n East runs also on Sundry.

ERIE MAIL leaves	Erie	2 20 p m
" "	Renovo	10 40 p m
" "	Lock Haven	11 45 p m
" "	Williamsport	1 05 a m
" "	Montandon	2 10 a m
" arr at	Harrisburg	4 30 a m
" "	Philadelphia	8 25 a m

Erie Mail West, Niagara Express West, and Day Express East make close connection at Lock Haven with B. E. V. R. R. Trains.

Erie Mail East and West connect at Erie with trains on L. S. & M. S. R. R.; at Corry with R. P. & W. R. R; at Emporium with B., N. Y. & P. R. R., and at Driftwood with A. V. R. R.

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE RAILROAD.
(Daily Except Sunday.

Westward. P M	A. M.	STATIONS.	Eastward. A M	P. M.	P M
1 35	10 20	5 50	Montandon	9 10	1 10	5 30
1 50	10 35	6 00	Lewisburg, arrive	8 55	12 55	5 35
2 15	10 35	7 25	Lewisburg, leave	8 25	12 40	4 50
2 20	10 40	7 30	Fair Grounds	8 20	12 35	4 45
2 30	10 51	7 40	Bellil	8 20	12 24	4 34
2 36	11 00	7 45	Vicksburg	8 15	12 16	4 28
3 00	11 20	8 00	Mifflinburg	8 00	12 00	4 13
3 28		8 22	Milmont	7 40		3 52
3 40		8 33	Laurelton	7 30		3 40
5 00		9 48	Oburn	6 18		2 20
5 30		10 15	Rising Spring	5 50		1 50
		10 39	Centre Hall			1 28
		10 48	Gregg			1 19
		11 00	Linden Hall			1 08
		11 10	Oak Hall			1 00
		11 20	Lemont			12 50

Additional trains leave Lewisburg for Montandon at 5.25 a m, 10 a m, and 7.30 p m, returning leave Montandon for Lewisburg at 9.20 a m, 6.05 p m and 7.50 p m.

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5 A short SPECIAL COURSE in Chemistry.
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CONSUMPTION

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and relieves the cough and makes the breathing easy. It supports the strength and at the same time reduces the fever. It is free from strong opiate and astringent articles, which are often drying a nature as to be in great danger of destroying the patient; whereas this medicine never dries or stops the cough, but, by removing the cause, consequently, when the cough is cured the patient is well. Send address for pamphlet giving full directions, free.

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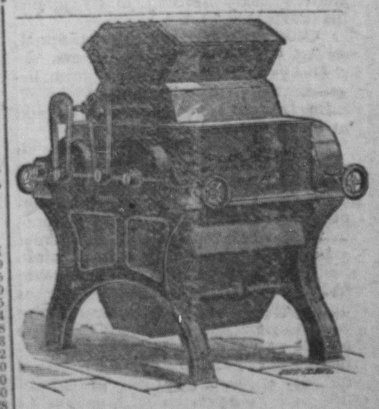

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FLOUR AND FEED AT WHOLESALE

KURTZ & SON.

WE TWO!

Ah, yes, it was years and years agone,
When life to us had no care or blight,
That we watched the white ships come and go,
As we sat together each summer night.
We climbed the hillsides hand in hand,
With not a shadow of ill in view,
And drank from Nature's sweetest spring,
We Two!

My swain he was noble, brave and strong,
With a love as boundless as is the sea,
And so I was all the world to him,
And he, too, was all the world to me.
Though clouds obscured the glorious blue,
With joy within we knew it not,
We Two!

We met when the breath of morn was sweet,
In the shady lane where the robins sung;
And one blessed morn we pledged our troth
In a little nook where the bluebells hung,
Where the roses blushed as the winds swept by,
And lilies bowed 'neath their weight of dew,
We walked and talked till the sun was high,
We Two!

Ah, yes, it was years and years ago
Since the wedding bells rang sweet and clear;
And our boys and girls are gone—all gone—
Some far away! some buried here!
Now we sit with thin and whitened locks,
And our days below we know are few,
But we love with a deep unchanging love,
We Two!

A PAIR OF LOVERS.

Sweet little Nettie Fay had two lovers. A very delightful condition of affairs, but a state of things which made Nettie a great deal of trouble; and as for the men, they rendered each other, as well as the girl of their hearts, very miserable.

So it wasn't so very nice after all.

It had been years since Nettie had been assigned by their friends to Warren Dormer, and she expected to marry him, for Nettie was of a gentle, yielding nature; but her step-father's son, whom she had never seen, Arthur Stevening, came to quiet Bevingdean, and fell so straightway and unmistakably in love with Nettie, as to alter greatly the situation, for Nettie did give him encouragement.

One day a party of young people had gone up to the cliff which over-looked the harbor, to see the great man-of-war the Sultan, come in, and Nettie had taken Arthur's arm, and laughingly climbed the hill with the best of them, though such a little thing.

And being a bright, magical sight—the white-capped, crisp, dancing waves, the long, gleaming decks; the small, active thronging figures of the seamen; —that and the splendid air was worth climbing the ascent for, they all agreed.

And then this impromptu basket-party spread their lunch upon a rock among the crisp green moss, and discussed cold chicken and Italian cream, up among the clouds as securely as if sunshine and safety lasted forever.

Arthur Stevening had gone half-way down the cliff with his gun, and was banging away at the flying birds, when a sudden gust of cold air, and the darkening of the sun, reminded him that he had foretold a storm at sunrise.

He was not used to the locality, and was all unprepared for the suddenness with which the weather changed.

A mist spread over the lanscape, the air grew humid, there was a distant growl of thunder, and the next moment a close flash of lightning.

It was followed by more vivid ones.

Shouldering his gun, he turned to retrace his steps. He had ascended a few yards when he heard the distant voices of the descending party. Something in their tones—a cry of alarm or entreaty—made him hasten his footsteps, when, suddenly round the curve of a rock came the flying figure of a girl.

It was Nettie, who, born with a terror of lightning, was running at full speed down the mountain, her hat hanging by its blue ribbons down her back, her sweet eyes wide with fright, her gold hair blown over her face, a wild-rose color in the dimpled cheeks, stung by the sharp, salt air.

Arthur sprang forward and caught her in his arms, and retreated with her under the shelter of an overhanging rock.

The drenched and frightened party rushed by him like a meteor, and he made no attempt to delay them. He could hardly trust his head to keep his feet in the dim and blinding light.

Yet, through it all, he could feel Nettie's heart beating faintly against his breast.

"Poor little darling!" he murmured, seeing that she was quite senseless.

She remained so until the storm began to abate.

She caught her breath, at last; and uttered a choking little cry.

"Nettie, wake up! The storm is almost over. Nettie, don't you know where you are?" shaking her a little.

She opened her eyes, and then slipped to her feet, shaking and clinging to him. Her broken and incoherent exclamation gave him some insight into the peculiarity which all her other friends were aware of, her terror of lightning—and the loveliness of her white cheeks and the sweetness of the tearful eyes, made the task of reassuring her not distasteful. Indeed, before he knew it, he had kissed the pretty lips, and brought the burning blushes to the young face.

"Nettie, dear little Nettie, I couldn't help it. You see I love you so. Tell me that you don't care for that other fellow!"

At that moment there was a hurried step and "that other fellow" stood before them.

To say that Mr. Warren Dormer was astonished, is but feebly to state the case. He stood looking at his sweetheart in the arms of another man in simply round-eyed wonder.

He had been absent from Bevingdean for the last three weeks, and though he had been introduced to Arthur the evening before his departure, he had never dreamed of him as a rival—or of anybody else for that matter. For two years he had considered Nattie securely his.

He had a nice farm and handsome country house to make Nettie mistress of, and—there could be no doubt of that—he honestly loved her.

"I—I came for you, Nettie," he said, in a rather smothered voice. "They said you were up the cliff, and the storm——"

The poor fellow's voice faltered and broke.

Nettie had hastily disengaged herself, breathless and frightened.

"When—when did you come home, Warren?" she asked, instinctively trying to avoid a scene.

But she was not quite successful, since Arthur Stevening still kept possession of her hand, and though evidently a little startled, looked from her to Warren Dormer unflinchingly. The painful silence that followed was broken by his voice.

"It may as weel come out now as any time. You and I can hardly pretend to be friends since we are rivals, Mr. Dormer."

"No," returned the other, in the same smothered voice, moving uneasily, and not looking at Nettie, who, not having the least idea what she ought to do under such circumstances, began to cry.

"You understand that I love Miss Fay, the same as you do, I suppose, and she must choose between us now," went on Arthur.

"I—oh, I—I cannot now!" sobbed Nettie, confessing more than it was pleasant for one of her hearers to hear, since her voice implied that a choice was not only possible, but imminent. "The storm is over now and I must go home."

And gathering her skirts from her little feet, she literally ran away.

The only thing they could learn of Nettie for the next few days was that she had caught cold from her drenching in the storm, and could not leave the house.

The next was that Nettie whisked herself out of sight of her two admirers to spend a fortnight with her aunt Barbara, in the next town.

Arthur did not know what interview she might have had with Warren Dormer, but he was really not much afraid of "that other fellow"—not so much as he would have been had he known Warren Dormer.

Another week passed. At the end of that time, Nettie Fay was in receipt of two letters—one from Arthur, one from Warren Dormer. With sorrow and misgiving she pondered over these letters; but Nettie was sincerity itself, and at length wrote to both, explaining exactly the state of her feelings. The task was a hard one, and her hand shook so as she folded the sheets, that she let the portfolio upon which they lay fall to the floor. She picked them up hurriedly, placed them as quickly as possible in envelopes, superscribed, and sent them to the post.

When she reached home a fortnight later there was a lawn party, and her mother hurried her to her room; and Nettie came down from her chamber, at last, in a lovely silk costume. The girl had lost flesh and color, but had never looked sweeter.

And there was Arthur Stevening. He was going to and fro with camp-chairs and cups of tea for the ladies.

He would come to her side soon; but he passed, at last, with only a pale, constrained look, and barely a civil word. The next moment, Warren Dormer took the chair at her side.

"I thought you would come home to-day, Nettie."

One glance at his cheerful face bewildered her. Warren bent towards her, and affecting to look at her bracelet, whispered:

"I received your letter."

Nettie bent her head silently in response.

The silvery chat and the music around her seemed to make her head reel.

How strange she felt! The glance from Arthur chilled her heart.

Her eyes dwelt in bewilderment on Warren's flushed face. He looked actually happy.

"Warren," called Mrs. Fay, will you go to the house and ask Lily for my shawl?"

When Warren Dormer had gone away, Nettie rose and, walking down the lawn, stood looking in a rather forlorn way at the tennis-players—really not seeing them at all. Suddenly there was a voice at her side.

"I think, Nettie, you might have spared me the pain of knowing that I was an object of pain and dread to you, or very much the same thing."

As Nettie lifted her blue eyes in pained surprise, Arthur Stevening was dazing very gravely down upon her.

She could not imagine he could look so stern. The color quite died out of her cheek.

She gave a broken murmur—what she said she did not know.

"Forgotten what you said!" he exclaimed, as if repeating her words. "I cannot forget so easily. And, then, I have them in black and white, you know," with a painful smile, as he passed on in response to a merry call—for Arthur was a favorite with the ladies.

Nettie could have thrown herself down on the grass, like a child, and cried in sorrow and despair.

Was this captious treatment all the reward she was to get for confessing the truth so bravely?

Her father's displeasure, her mother's disappointment, Aunt Barbara scolding, she had prepared herself to receive; but this was too much; the hot tears welled to her eyes.

There were other gentlemen in the party, who thought Nettie pretty and attractive; but she listened to everybody in an absent-minded way, and at last the festive afternoon was over.

"May I come up at eight this evening, Nettie?" asked Warren Dormer at parting. He looked at her in a cheerful, confident way, which bewildered her,

"He hopes to make me change my mind," she thought.

"Certainly," she said with visible reluctance.

She was not quite sure, as she glanced at Arthur's grave, averted face at the supper-table, that she would not take Warren after all, out of pure forlornness—it was so disheartening to miss the radiant smile, the tenderness she had unconsciously anticipated.

But when her old lover's straw-colored beard brushed her cheek, she shivered.

"Please don't Warren—I told you!" she explained.

"Yes—that you loved me best."

"No—that I love him best!" cried Nettie, hysterically. "I can't help it—I do!"

Poor Warren's eyes looked more like blue porcelain than ever as he stared at her.

"You told me—" he began.

"Oh, what did I tell you?" cried Nettie desperately, as she tore the letter he presented from his hand.

She glanced over the sheet and turned red.

"I—I put the letters in the wrong envelopes," she faltered.

"Then this was intended for Arthur?" asked Dormer, stiffening.

Nellie nodded.

In vain he called her fickle, a coquette, a flirt. She only cried until he went away. Then she flung herself, face downward, upon the sofa, and the excitement and fatigue lulled her into drowsiness at last.

She went to sleep, thinking this a very forlorn world, and woke up to find it a very bright one, for Arthur Stevening was smiling over her.

"Dear little Nellie!" he cried. "I know all; I got the wrong letter."

"You did!" she answered.

Need we say how happy they were, how soon they were married, and what a long honeymoon their wedded life was, all through Nettie having had the courage to choose rightly between her "Pair of Lovers?"

Returned to his Wigwam.

Edwin Forrest was once laid up with an attack of rheumatic gout, which rendered him about as pleasant to come in contact with as an Indian on the war-path. A friend of his dropping in as the eminent tragedian was seized with a terrific twinge, met with a decidedly warm welcome, as regards unsaint-like expletives. Being rather a facetious individual the friend exclaimed:

"Hello, governor! What are you laughing at? I never saw you so tickled before."

In his fiercest manner, interspersed with deeptoned grunts and some profanity. Forrest growled: "Get out will you? I won't see anybody. Let me alone, confound you."

A little while after the snubbed friend might have been seen in conversation with a small specimen of a bootblack, whose stand was in front of the hotel where Forrest was stopping. The confab, accompanied by a series of pantomimic gestures on the part of the gentlemen, which were clearly duplicated by the brght-witted shiner, lasted some fifteen minutes, when the boy, a broad grin illuminating his expansive countenance, started to ascend the hotel stairs, receiving a parting injunction:

"Don't you stop pounding until he lets you in."

This admonition was strictly carried out whereupon the door was thrown violently open, and Forrest angrily demanded the cause of so much commotion. Striking an attitude a la Metamora, the tutored bootblack declaimed in a piping treble:

"You sent for me. I have come. If you do not want me, I will go back to my wigwam."

"Pouncing upon the boy, Forrest growled out: "You young imp, you! Here take this," tossing him a quarter, as he added, "go tell that——" (designating his facetious friend by name and a few additional adjectives) "to come up I want to see him."

As the door closed upon the apt little bootblack a roar of laugter issued from Forrest's room, which seemed to have a beneficial effect upon his ailment, for when his friend appeared he was in quite jovial frame of mind.

The Great Pyramid.

A late writer says: Now that Great Britain is in the field would it not be a good plan to clear away the sand and rubbish from the base of the Great Pyramid, right down to its rocky foundation, and try to discover those vast corridors, halls, and temples, containing priceless curiosities and treasures with which tradition in all ages has credited the Great Pyramid? This wonderful building, of such exquisite workmanship, was erected many years before any of the other pyramids, which are only humble imitations, built by another nation, and also for other purposes; for neither King Cheops nor anybody else was ever interred beneath this mighty mass of stone. The smaller pyramids also exhibit neither the nicety of proportion nor the exactness of measurement, both of which characterize the first pyramid. From internal evidence it seems to have been built about the year 2170 B. C., a short time before the birth of Abraham, more than 4,000 years ago. This—one of the wonders of the world in the days of ancient Greece—is the only one of them all still in existence. The base of this building covers more than thirteen square acres of ground. Its four sides face exactly north, south, east and west. It is situated in the geographical centre of the land surface of the globe. It was originally 485 feet high, and each of its sides measures 762 feet. It is computed to contain 5,000,000 tons of hewn stones beautifully fitted together with a mere film of cement. And these immense blocks of stone must have been brought from quarries 500 miles distant from the site of the building. The present well-known King and Queen chambers, with the various passages, might also be thoroughly examined by means of the electric or lime lights. The Astronomer Royal of Scotland some years since closely and laboriously examined all that is at present known of the interior of this enormous building. He states that measurements in the chambers, etc., show the exact length of the cubit of the Bible—namely, twenty-five inches. This cubit was used in the building of Noah's Ark, Solomon's Temple, etc. He also maintains that the pyramid shows the distance of the sun from the earth to be 91,840,000 miles.

What an unreasonable dish is life without an avocation.

BOSTON girls never giggle. They merely express their delight by a dreamy, far-away, North-Pole smile."

Trade in the Long Ago.

The habits and customs of the people 40 years ago in the West were quite different from the style of this modern age. In the matter of clothing and house-furnishing the difference was very great and consequently the assortments of the dry goods merchants have undergone a corresponding change since that early period. In this age of rapid transit and fast mails it does not take long for Eastern fashions and styles to become familiar in the West, and there is but little difference between the well-dressed lady of the East and the stylish attired Western woman. The same similarity of clothing is also noticeable for men's wear—fashions East and West so closely correspond.

Forty years ago the spinning wheel was in vogue in almost every Western farm-house, and the women folks spun the wool from their home-clip fleeces. It was then taken to the nearest "fulling mill," carded and woven into cloth for men's wear and a sort of flannel or linsey for women's wear. For summer clothing, garments made from flax were worn, homespun and home-made, of a grayish color. Those who are familiar with the customs of the West forty years ago will at once recall the flax clothing worn by men, whose usual summer attire was a pair of linen pantaloons and a pair of broad saddle-girth suspenders, flax shirt, straw hats and stogy shoes or boots.

Nos. 9, 10 and 11 were the favorite sizes for boots and shoes. During the summer period young men and boys mostly went barefooted, and, in consequence, they had a broad understanding, which the smaller sizes of shoes in this more fashionable age would not accommodate. The overcoat of that period was very different from the modern style and fit of this later date. The cloth was heavy and serviceable, homespun and fulled at the mill, leaving it a sort of light drab color. It was made long, and over the shoulder was a laper of from three to four capes, the bottom one being the longest, and the succeeding ones gradually tapering off. Bright, brass buttons about the size of the ordinary silver quarter dollar, were the only decoration. The lining was of home made flannel or linsey. There were no braids, nor silk serges, nor fancy sleeve-linings, such as are used at the present day. Ordinary brown sheeting or a common glazed muslin were good enough at that time for sleeve-linings.

The gentlemen of that period wore broadcloth. The fancy suitings of cassimeres, worsteds and silk mixtures now so common were then unknown in the West. The intermediate grade between the homespun and broadcloth was Kentucky jeans of a blue and also a butternut color. Black and blue were the favorite shades in broadcloth. The well-dressed man had a Sunday and holiday suit of black broadcloth for coat and trousers and for vest, black satin. Shirt and square bosom, with high standing collar and high black stock or black silk neck-handkerchief. A high black-silk hat, broad brim, or a drab color fur-beaver of similar shade and a pair of well-blacked calfskin boots and behold the well-dressed man half a century ago.

Do you not see him as your memory travels backward, as with shining black from head to foot he seemed as grand as an Emperor to your boyish eyes? And then for party dress or fine summer wear, a blue broadcloth coat with high stiff collar, swallow-tail skirts and bright, brass buttons. The vest and trousers of plain India nankin gold brown color and a ruffled shirt bosom. How stately and dignified as with hat in hand the gentleman of the 'long ago' appeared in the parlor, and with perfect ease of manner greeted the assembled guests. The broadcloths which the merchant kept in that early period have given place to cassimeres and worsteds of modern date; the black satin for vests, the black silk cravats, the India nankins, the frill shirt-bosoms, have all disappeared. The modern merchant sells shirts, ties, scarfs and clothing ready-made and there are but few calls in country stores for Irish linens.

At the Yard Arm.

I was a boy in the United States Navy on the brig Somers in '42, when the three men were hung that were referred to by John W. Davis, on Chestnut street recently. "The sight of those three men hanging at the yard-arm and their burial in the sea at night has haunted me all my life, it often comes up before me when I'm walking along the street. I can never forget it. I knew Spencer, the midshipman well. He was a wild, dare-devil sort of fellow, about nineteen years of age, but good natured and not maliciously inclined. I think the execution of all the men was a grave mistake, and in looking back at it now I believe it was foul murder.

"We sailed from New York on the 13th of September, '42, for the coast of Africa, but first began cruising in the West Indies. In the latter part of November, before we reached St. Thomas, Midshipman Spencer, who was the son of the Secretary of War, was suddenly seized one day, put in double irons and kept a prisoner in close confinement. Two other men, the boatswain's mate, who was acting as boatswain and whose name was Cromwell, and a seaman, who was captain of the main top, named Small, were arrested a day or two afterward, followed by the arrest of four others. All were put in double irons. We had no marine guard on board. The officers appeared to be frightened to death about something and the men of the ship's company were afraid to be seen talking to each other. After Spencer's arrest it was noised around decks that he had formed a plot to seize the ship, along with a few of the ship's crew, and turn it into a piratical craft. Among others he communicated his plan to the purser's stewart, who got a list of the conspirators and told the whole story to Lieutenant McIntosh, the executive officer.

"Two or three days after the arrests a number of the officers met in the ward room and called in a number of the ship's crew and examined them. The statements and even the opinions of each witness were taken down, but the accused men were not allowed to face their accusers, were not told what the charges were in detail and were not granted any opportunity for explanation or defense. On the 1st of December, four days after Spencer's arrest, he along with Cromwell and Small, were told to get ready to die; that they were going to swing at the yard-arm at once. Spencer and the captain of the top acknowledged their guilt and were willing to die; but the acting boatswain protested his innocence to the last, and Spencer declared, also, that he, Cromwell, had nothing to do with the plot. 'Call all hands to witness execution,' said the first lieutenant. The ship's company sullenly ranged themselves on the quarter-deck and at other points, while the officers of the ship stood around with drawn and sharpened swords to cut down any one who faltered in inflicting the awful penalty. When everything was ready Spencer and his two companions were allowed to bid their friends good-bye, then Captain Mackenzie gave the signal, a gun was fired, the colors were hoisted and at the same time the three men, with caps over their faces, were swung out on the main yardarm. It was a horrible sight to look at. All of the men died game. Commander Mackenzie then made a speech to us about the necessity of discipline and the awful crime of mutiny. At night funeral services were read by the light of the battle lanterns and the bodies were put on the 'tilting board' and dropped overboard into the sea. It was a solemn scene, I assure you, and it made an impression on my youthful mind that can never be eradicated. In a day or two we ran into St. Thomas and then set sail for New York, arriving there on the 14th of December.

"There was a good deal of excitement when the news of the mutiny and the hanging got noised around and hundreds of people came down to the ship to see us. All of the others arrested were dismissed from custody. Commander Mackenzie was court-martialed about a month afterwards and the court sat for forty days but acquitted him. It was composed of his brother officers. Mackenzie was not liked by the men. He was a brutal martinet, anyhow. Flogging was allowed in the Navy in those days and he was very fond of administering the "cat" for trivial offenses. The friends of the executed men tried to have Mackenzie indicted in New York for murder, but the Judge decided that the civil law was not applicable to his case."

17,000 Mills to Mill.

A man on one of the North River Pennsylvania Railroad piers, who was looking at a carriage marked to go to Norfolk, Virginia, said to a bystander:

"The wood in those carriage wheels came originally from Virginia in logs. Now it goes back as a finished product.

"Why cannot the Virginia wood be worked up on its native ground?"

"Because no one has established the shops. But more singular things than that have happened in the history of commerce. On October 14, 1855, for instance, the ship Adelaide arrived in New York, bringing a cargo of wheat, barley, etc., from San Francisco, which paid the shipper a clean profit of 50 per cent., the wheat then selling at $2 a bushel. The ship was at once loaded for San Francisco again, and among other things carried out were 1,500 barrels of flour. Californians had to go 17,000 miles to mill in those days.

"Another curiosity of commerce was noted in the early Australian trade. While the gold excitement was high merchants in all parts of the world flooded the markets there with goods. A Glasgow manufacturer sent a quantity of hardware to the new gold fields, but when the ship reached the Australian port the market was so full of the stuff that the consignment was put up at auction, and brought less than the freight charges. The man who bought it shipped it back to Glasgow, where he sold it at a profit, although a shade under wholesale prices. The Glasgow purchaser at once reshipped it to Australia, and there, after having three times crossed the intervening seas, it found the market ready and good prices waiting, the demand at the mines having cleared out the stock on hand during the months required to make the round trip."

Tackle Him.

A steamboat owner was explaining how he happened to change captains on the Comet. Said he:

"I came down on her from Port Huron, and as we reached the city I says to the captain:

"'Better drop in at the foot of Rivard street, and let me off.'

"'My first landing is the copper dock, three miles below,' he answers.

"'But this is my boat and I want her to land where I said.'

"'But I'm captain, sir, and she goes to the copper dock.'

"'Starboard,' says I to the man at the wheel.

"'Port,' says the captain.

"I rung the bell for the engineer to slow down and the captain rung for him to go ahead at full speed."

"'Captain Comas, has the owner of a steamship no rights?' I asked.

"'Lots of 'em on shore, but none on the water,' says he.

"'I'll discharge you the moment we land.'

"'Very well, but don't get sassy, me boy; I have twenty minutes to serve yet.'

"With that I starts to take the wheel and in five minutes I was in irons as a mutineer and I went ashore with the handcuffs on."

"But you discharged him?"

"Oh, yes."

"And is the captain any better?"

"Well, I dunno; I never dared tackle him!"

A Tired Brain.

"In that drawer," said a Salina street merchant of Detroit, is the best restorer for a tired brain that I know of. It is simply a piece of dried codfish tail. Fish, you know, is rich in phosphorus, or brain food, but why the tail should contain more than any other part of the body I don't know. I do know, however, by actual experience, that such is the fact. Several times a day I chew on this piece of tail and feel immediately restored.

Republics Ungrateful.

The Mayor of Little Rock, in a somewhat harrassed mental condition, sat in his office. He had just dismissed a delegation of gentlemen who had come to assure him that they had voted for him, and that if he acted rightly toward them, he could always rely on their support. Then they asked him to contribute four kegs of beer to be taken down the river, where, under the cotton-wood trees, a host of revelers were soon to assemble. With great firmness the Mayor declined. Just after the delegation had gone, and before the Mayor had recovered from the effects of their persuasive though ineffective argument, an angular man, with a nose shaped like the blade of a pruning knife came in, sat down, raked the perspiration from his brow, flicked the gathered moisture from his fingers and said:

'Well, how's the shebang rockin' along?'

'Pretty well.'

'Glad to hear it. I am at your service.'

'In what way?'

'As a policeman.'

'I already have 300 applications.'

'Pretty good pile, ain't it?'

'Pretty fair shipment.'

'No chance for me, I reckon?'

'No chance for you.'

'Not the least bit?'

'Not a shadow.'

'Don't know who I am, do you?'

'No.'

'Got no idea?'

'None whatever.'

'Kain't you guess?'

'Don't think I can.'

'If I was to tell you, you'd git up, grab me by the hand and app'int me First Sargeant on the force.'

The Mayor looked at him. The man smiled.

'Yes, sir, First Sargeant would be the lowest place you would allow me to take. I don't want to shock you, so I'll go out and give you time to think up my record.'

He went out. About an hour later he returned and, after smiling on the Mayor asked:

'Well, have you placed me yet?'

'No, don't remember you.'

'Haven't got a very good recollection, have you?'

'Pretty fair.'

'Well, I'll give you more time. I never like to crowd a man.'

'He went out again, and after remaining a couple of hours, returned.

'Did I stay long enough?'

'Hardly.'

'How long did you want me to stay?'

'Indefinitely.'

'Oh, now, that wouldn't do. Say, Say, this joke has gone far enough. Don't you really know who I am?'

'No, I don't.'

'If I tell you I will immediately receive my commission as First Sargeant.'

'Well, confound it, who are you?'

The man laughed again. 'Why,' said he, 'I am John Pillit.'

'I never heard of you.'

'What!'

'First time I ever heard of you.'

'Well, I'll swear. I am the man who caught the Dutchman that stole a dominicker rooster from Colonel Z. P. H. Farr. Know me now, don't you?'

'No.'

'Well, I will be dad-blamed,' he drawled in astonishment. 'I have often hearn that republics are ungrateful, but I never knowed it until now. Well, that settles me. Hereafter I shall simply do my duty, and let fools try to distinguish themselves. Humph! Well, I will be dad-blamed.

Horses.

The Chinese horse is small, weak, ill formed, without spirit and altogether undeserving of notice.

The Persian horse is next in estimation, and deservedly so, to the Arabian. The head is almost equally beautiful, the crupper superior; he is equal in speed, but far inferior in endurance. The whole frame is more developed than in the Arabian. They never exceed fourteen and a half hands high, yet, on the whole, are taller than the Arabs.

Turkestan is that part of south Tartary northeast of the Caspian Sea, and has been celebrated from early times for producing a pure and valuable breed of horses. They are said to be preferable even to the pure Persian for fervice. They are large, standing srom 15 to 16 hands high, swift and inexhaustible under fatigue. Some of them have traveled 900 miles in eleven successive days.

The Tartar and Kalmuck breed of horses is found in Tartary, comprising the immense plains of central Asia and a considerable part of European Russia. They are small and badly made, but remarkable for strength and endurance, being capable of performing the longest and most rapid journey on the scantiest fare.

The Evolution of Cooking.

'Erastus,' said Mrs. Smith, the other morning, as she poured the coffee, 'do you believe in evolution?'

'Certainly, my dear.'

'And is the process of evolution toward perfection?'

'Always, my dear. But why do you ask these questions.'

'Because, I was looking through that box of old family diaries recently, and I found that your father said your mother wasn't as good a cook as his mother, and your grandfather on your father's side, said his wife was not as good a cook as his mother; your great-grandfather on your father's side, said ——'

'But, my dear, did I ever say that your cooking was not as good as my mother's?'

'Yes, you did; and now, Erastus, you've got to admit one of two things—either your pet evolution theory is no good, or you, nor your father, nor your grandfather, nor your great-grandfather knew good cooking from a side of sole leather.'

THE great trouble with the average humorist is that he allows age to come before beauty in the construction of his jokes.

The anæsthetic effect of rapid breathing—like that of inhaling nitrous oxide—is ascribed by Dr. Bonwill to the influence of the surplus of oxygen thus forced upon the lungs. In a variety of cases remarkable insensibility to pain, without appreciable loss of consciousness, has been produced, in one instance a boy of eleven, after breathing rapidly about a minute, having had four permanent molars removed, the operation being painless and lasting twenty seconds.

THE Right Reverend Bishop Gilmour, Cleveland, Ohio, is one of the many eminent church dignitaries who have publicly added their emphatic endorsement to the wonderful efficacy of St. Jacob's Oil in cases of rheumatism and other painful ailments.

In these days we fight for ideas, and newspapers are our fortresses.

ELY'S CREAM BALM is the most effective, convenient and agreeable catarrh remedy I ever used, and I have tried them all.—C. B. Cook, Henning, Lauderdale Co., Tenn,

A Lame Back is a Torment.

It is usually ascribed either to a strain or to rheumatism. Nine times out of ten it is kidney disease. Be wise in time, take HUNT'S [Kidney and Liver] REMEDY for your lame back and avoid the dangers of which it is the warning.

Always in the House.

ROCKVILLE, CT., May 24, 1883.
"When troubled with kidney complaints HUNT'S [Kidney and Liver] REMEDY relieves every time. I always keep it in the house."—J. H. Ryan, Supt of the American Mills.

Diseases of the kidneys and bladder are very prevalent among men past middle age, and those most difficult diseases to cure are on the increase. HUNT'S [Kidney and Liver] REMEDY has long been known to be most successful in the cure of these diseases. "Never known to fail."

Moderation is the silken string running through all virtues.

A Novel Advertising Scheme.

It has remained for Woolrich & Co., of Palmer, Mass., manufacturers of *Ridge's Food*, to get up the latest and most striking advertising scheme, which they have just put on the road. It is in the shape of a Royal Salvo sociable Tricycle, on which V. H. Woolrich and W. H. Higgins are to take an extended trip westward. Attached to the machine is a wicker luggage carrier for their personal effects and a quantity of advertising material, which they will have shipped to them at different points along the road. A large umbrella has also been rigged to protect them from the sun on extra hot days. The riders have black Jersey suits, and black helmets with "Ridge's Food Co." in gilt letters on the front. The larger towns only will be visited, circulars, tin spoons, pamphlets, &c., bearing the advertisement of the company distributed. This is the first thing of the kind to be put on the road, and cannot fail to attract attention.

Literature is the immortality of speech.

Frazer Axle Grease.

Don't work your horses to death with poor axle grease; the Frazer is the only reliable make. Use it once, and you will have no other.

Silence does not always mark wisdom.

THE purest, sweetest and best Cod Liver Oil in the world, manufactured from fresh, healthy livers, upon the seashore. It is absolutely pure and sweet. Patients who have once taken it prefer it to all others. Physicians have decided it superior to any of the other oils in market. Made by Caswell, Hazard & Co., New York.

Better be a giant on the floor, than a pigmy on a pedestal.

EVERY ORGAN OF THE BODY demands sustenance and support from the stomach. If the stomach cannot supply the ailments required, the whole system languishes. To rouse and regulate this great supplying organ, when enfeebled or disordered, there is no preparation at present known that will compare with DR. WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS.

"THOMAS, you have disobeyed your old grandfather."

"No I didn't, ma."

"Yes you did. Have you not been in swimming?"

"Yes, ma."

"Didn't I hear him say to you not to go in swimming?"

"Oh, he didn't tell us that; he only came out and said: 'Boys, I wouldn't go in swimming,' and I shouldn't think he would, an old rheumaticky man like him; but he didn't say nothin' about our going in swimming."

"WHAT makes you look so down in de mouf," asked Uncle Moses of Jim Webster."

"My wife done broke anudder plate dis mawning."

"Dat's nuffin. De plate don't cost ye more den a dime. Dat don't hurt much."

"Hit don't hurt! I reckon yer don't know dat hit's my head she bursts de dishes on."

"Yes, dat's rough on de crockery."

CHICAGO BOY—"Say, mom, the man is here with the ton of coal and there's no place to dump it."

Chicago Mother—"Well, just take that old shoe of mine out and have him dump the coal in it."

Every man has just as much vanity as he wants understanding.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c

A man must become wise at his own expense.

Freckles, Pimples, Salt Rheum cured. Ad's Dr. M. Hutchinson, 110 Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

The purest treasure mortal times affords is spotless reputation.

"A GOD SEND is Ely's Cream Balm," writes Mrs. M. A. Jackson, of Portsmouth, N. H., on May 22, 1882. I had catarrh for three years! had tried nearly all remedies but to no purpose. Two or three times a week my nose would bleed quite freely and I thought the sores in it would never heal. Your Balm has cured me. This preparation is not a liquid or snuff and is easily applied. Price 50 cents.

The man without self-reliance and self-confidence, will attempt little and achieve less.

"HELLO, Fred, you seem awfully put out. What happened, eh?"

"O, I was fearfully tantalized a little while ago. I tied on a pretty girl's bonnet. The ribbons got tangled; her eyes sparkled, her lips were cherry ripe, and so close to mine that her breath swept my cheek."

"You were dying to kiss her, eh?"

"That was just it."

"Well, why didn't you kiss her?"

"For a very simple reason. Her husband was standing by.

"DID your story win the prize?"

"No, but it came near winning it. It failed only in one stipulation."

"And what was that?"

"It was to have made the editor's hair stand on end."

"Oh, I see. It wasn't exciting enough."

"Yes, it was."

"Then why didn't it make the editor's hair stand on end?"

"He hadn't any. He was bald-headed."

SO MANY delightful women are late in loving, so many are single from choice and from no neglect of the stronger sex, who have the asking of the question, that to them should be given all the dignity which is supposed to accrue to the married. "It takes a superior woman to be an old maid," said Miss Sedgwick.

A QUESTION of the age: The President of the Assizes Court, questioning lady witness—Your age, madam? The lady (in a low voice)—Twenty-two. President—Thirty-two, you say, madam? The lady (quickly)—No, sir; twenty-seven.

A CENTURY of progress has not produced a remedy equal to Ely's Cream Balm for Catarrh, Cold in the Head and Hay Fever. It is not a liquid or a snuff, but is perfectly safe and easily applied with the finger. It gives immediate relief and cures the worst cases. Price 50 cents. At druggists, 60 cents by mail. Ely Bros., Owego, N. Y.

He that sips of many arts drinks of none.

Solid Chunks of Wisdom.

THE only answer to all criticism, the true test of all work, is the result and when Carboline restores the hair we know that it is the best restorer.

But few things are impossible—he can who thinks he can.

If you want a dog send 15c. for DOG BUYERS' GUIDE, 100 engravings, colored plate. Associated Fanciers, 237 S. Eighth St., Phila.

Obstacles are but the rungs that form the ladder of success.

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save baggage expressage and $3 carriage Hire, and stop at the **Grand Union Hotel**, opposite Grand Central Depot.
600 elegant rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, $1 and upwards per day. European Plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

A strong body and a spotless name is no mean heritage.

St. Bernard Vegetable Pills.

WARRANTED PURELY VEGETABLE. The best cure for Liver and Bilious Complaints, Costiveness, Headache, Dizziness and Dyspepsia. As a Blood Purifier and Spring Medicine they have no equal. No family should be without a box of the St. Bernard Vegetable Pills in the house. Price 25 cents at Druggists, or by mail. Samples sent FREE. Address P. NEUSTAEDTER & CO., 69 Mercer St., New York.

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS

Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, as a specific for indigestion, stands alone. When the resources of the pharmacopœia have been exhausted, without, at least, doing more than mitigating the complaint, a course of this wholesome stomachic effects a perfect and permanent cure. In all cases of dyspepsia the liver is more or less disordered, and upon this important gland the Bitters act with regular distinctness, regulating and invigorating every secretive and assimilating organ on which bodily and mental health depend. For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

A Skin of Beauty is a Joy Forever.
DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S
Oriental Cream, or Magical Beautifier.

Purifies as well as Beautifies the Skin. No other cosmetic will do it.

Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth-Patches, Rash, and Skin diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test of thirty years and is so harmless we taste it to be sure the preparation is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. The distinguished Dr. L. A. Sayre, said to a lady of the HAUT TON (a patient):—"As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the Skin preparations." One bottle will last six months, using it every day. Also Poudre Subtile removes superfluous hair without injury to the skin.
MME. M. B. T. GOURAUD, Sole Prop., 48 Bond St., N.Y.
For sale by all druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers throughout the U. S., Canadas and Europe. Also found in N. Y. City at R. H. Macy's, Stern's, Ehrich's, Ridley's, and other Fancy Goods Dealer. Beware of base imitations. $1,000 Reward for arrest and proof of any one selling the same.

ALL IMPERFECTIONS.
of the Face, Hands & Feet. Superfluous Hair, Moles, Warts, Freckles, Moth, Red Nose, Acne, Black Heads, Scars, Pitting and Disfigurements treated. Dr. John Woodbury, 37 N. Pearl St., Albany, N. Y. Established 1870. Send 10c. for Book.

DYKE'S BEARD ELIXIR
Forces Whiskers, Mustache, Vhere Wanted, or hair or beard back to its original color. Stops falling of hair in 10 days. Six boxes, Six times the quantity, $5. Sent by express. Will force a Full Growth of Hair on a Bald Head, or Whiskers on a Smooth Face

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

CENTRE HALL, PA., JULY 29, 1885.

TERMS.—$2 per year in advance. $2.50 when not in advance. Advertisements 20 cents per line for three insertions. One colum per year $90—½ colum $45.

☞Hereafter all subscribers paying their subscription in advance, will get a credit of two months additional as a premium on $2 in advance.

Garmans.

BUSH'S ARCADE, *Bellefonte, Pa.*, 1885.

Tremendous bargains for the next month as our stock must be reduced:

Beautiful styles in Plaid and Check neckwear or men at 25 cents.

All the nobby styles in hats.

Hosiery and handkerchiefs in many styles.

Beautiful Fans and Parasols.

Satins, Plush and Felt for fancy work.

Lace Curtains (30 styles) from $1 to $5 a pair.

Portiere from $5 to $15.

Curtain Poles from 40 cents to $1 a pair.

Children's Lace Caps.

Ornaments for Fancy Work were 9c, now 6.

Yard wide unbleached muslin, 7c quality now 5.

DRESS GOODS.

40 inch Coupure Cloth was 42c, now 35c.

36 inch Colored Cashmere was 33c, now 27c.

Lot of Plaid and Brocade Goods were 10c, now 8c.

A great many pieces of Dress Ginghams were 12½c, now 10.

Brocade Velvets were 80c, now far below cost at 48c.

Plaids were 37½c, now 28.

Albatross was "22c, now 15c—Light Pink, Blue and Cream.

White, Pink and Blue Embroidered Dress Patterns below cost.

Table Linen at a bargain.

A large size 24 inch Handkerchief for Farmers at 6 cents.

Call Early and Examine the above Goods.

D. GARMAN & SON.

LOCAL ITEMS.

——Camp meeting comes next.

——Telephone poles are up on the line to Spring Mills.

—— Mr. D. C. Keller shipped a load of fine cattle this week.

——The Reformed church at Aaronsburg is being frescoed.

——The examination of teachers will take place before long.

——Mr. J. C. Motz, of Woodward gave the REPORTER a call.

——Cole's show will visit Bellefonte next Wednesday, August 5.

——Teams are busy hauling brick for the new Lutheran church in this place.

——Miss Grace Smith, of Williamsport, is visiting her uncle, Mr. William Wolf.

——Ex-Sheriff Musser, of Millheim, was overcome by the heat one day last week.

——Minnie Wise died at Woodward, on the 26th inst., aged about twenty-five years.

——Dr. Dobbins will take possession of the Bellefonte postoffice on the 6th of August.

——This year we will have a good potato crop. Everybody so far reports a good yield.

——The Lewistown *Democrat* says that farmers insist that wheat was not half a crop in that county.

——A severe hail storm damaged the corn in sections of eastern George's Valley, a short time ago.

——The intense heat of the last eight days still continues. On Sunday afternoon there was a light rain.

——Mr. Simon Harper has put an excellent flag stone walk down in front of his dwelling. Let others do likewise.

——Mr. John Wolf, of Miles township, one of our efficient county commissioners, gave the REPORTER a call.

——Mrs. Daniel Hosterman, of Penn, took thirty-eight potatoes from one hill This is a good sign for the potato crop.

——The summer school at this place, under the control of Prof. M. Shires, opened with quite a number of students.

——The whistle of the night train can be heard as it approaches stations and crossings between Bellefonte and Centre Hall.

——The contract for building a new school house in the mountains, in Haines township, has been let to Thos. Moyer.

——Mr. Reuben Hartman, while driving through the Millheim narrows one day last week, had a slight attack of sunstroke.

——Preparations are being made by the association for the annual camp meeting at Clintondale, convening on the 13th of August.

——Travel on the turnpike between Centre Hall and Bellefonte has grown less since the opening of the railroad between these places.

——The cave seems to be the favorite resort for pic-nickers of the country. Every day parties pass through town en route to the cave.

——The white tops of corn are stealing forth from their hiding places, and it will not be long until roasting ears will be the food of the season.

——Ben Arney and Peter Breon are among the fortunate farmers; they report this year's crop of wheat on their farms about as good as last year.

——Mr. Howard Spangler, of Bellefonte, formerly of Centre Hall, paid us a short visit on Monday last. Howard is an old typo, being a graduate of the REPORTER.

——Trains are convenient for the people of this valley who wish to go to Bellefonte and return the same day. The fare from Centre Hall to Bellefonte is 54 cents.

——Ed. Krumrine has purchased from John F. Heckman the pine timber on his tract, north of the railroad, in Gregg township, and will soon put a steam shingle mill on it.

——A car load of coal from Philipsburg, for the Centre Hall roller mill, was the first car load of freight that passed over the Bellefonte and Lemont railroad, on Thursday of last week.

——In about one month—the first of September—we can shoulder our guns and go to the woods after squirrels. The severe winter is said to have killed many of the little "bonnies."

—— The members of the Reformed charge had a dinner in Wolf's grove on Tuesday, given to a lumber hauling party, of twenty-five or thirty teams, which brought the material for their parsonage. It was a pleasant affair for all concerned.

——Calvin Stover, a son of George W. Stover, of Penn township, gave the REPORTER a call a few days ago. Mr. Stover left here about nine years ago, and has been pretty much all over the western territories, and spent eighteen months on a cruise with a whaling ship, as second mate, in the South Pacific, and visited all the important cities on both sides of South America, including Patagonia, Cape Horn, and the Sandwich and other islands of the Pacific. He cleared $1,300 on his whaling trip. He also spent some of his time among the Sioux Indians, learned their language and became an interpreter. While on the whaling cruise the anchor chain snapped from the strain in dragging the anchor, and the one piece struck him in the face, almost killing him. His face remains disfigured from the accident. No doubt he can tell good yarns for long winter evenings and give interesting experiences.

——To-day the Lock Haven Mission excursion starts for Spring Mills on a picnic and to the cave near Centre Hall. The excursion train will probably pass Centre Hall near 10 a. m. The excursion is for the benefit of the mission. The train will leave the Lock Haven depot at 7 o'clock a. m., and will stop for passengers at all stations along the road. By the kindness and influence of Hon. L. A. Mackey, president of the Bald Eagle Valley railroad, the fare for the round trip has been reduced to about one-third the regular price, and will be as follows: From points between Lock Haven and Milesburg, $1.25; Milesburg, 80 cents; Bellefonte, 75 cents; Lemont, 50 cents; Oak Hall and Centre Hall in same proportion. Children half price.

——Near Scotia, a social event transpired on Saturday evening, such as does not usually occur in any and every part of this community. In a grove about half a mile from the station, the people, without regard to color, sex or previous condition, held a jamboree in the shape of a country dance. The crowd was equally divided between colored people and whites—the dancers on the platform partaking of the same admixture. Evidently Scotia has no line of demarkation in the way of color, from what our informant saw while he was "on the ground."

——The handsome marble cornerstone, laid for the Lutheran church of this place last Sabbath, was donated by Mr. S. A. Stover, of the Bellefonte marble works, for whose generosity the congregation feel thankful to him. The stone is elegantly polished, and the carving "1885" was done with a faultless hand, and on the whole it is a sample of the work usually turned out by Mr. Stover in monuments and tombstones. The stone is of the finest marble, and of well-suited proportions, showing that Stover's marble yards are equal to any work in their line.

——On Friday last, the 24th, a valuable horse belonging to Daniel Hosterman, in Penn township, fell dead from sun-stroke. The horse was in the team, while Mr. Hosterman was hauling in grain.

——The little squabble as to what division our railroad shall belong to, has unsettled the matter of having an excursion in honor of the opening of the road to Bellefonte. Had this line fallen to the Philadelphia and Erie division, as was looked for, those officials agreed that the excursion should be had.

——From the *Centre Democrat* we learn that Mr. Curt. Condo, formerly of this place, now living in some section of Minnesota, was bitten by a dog, and is now lying at the point of death from the effects. He is a brother of Mike Condo, of this place.

——The other day a young man accompanied by two ladies, got the "Halls" confused, stepped off the train at Linden Hall instead of Centre Hall, and were compelled to walk five miles through the hot sun.

——Graham & Son are selling boots and shoes at low prices. All kinds of ladies' fine soft kid shoes, machine and hand made, down to the heavy brogan and army sewed shoes, the most comfortable shoe ever seen. E. Graham & Son, corner store, Brockerhoff row, Bellefonte.

— Tobacco raising in this valley does not seem to be a profitable business. For several years considerable tobacco was cultivated, but we have not heard of any person planting any this year.

——Many persons owning land along the railroad have been anxiously awaiting its completion in order to mine and ship iron ore to market. We have plenty of rich ore beds in this valley, but no one thus far has made an effort to work them.

——No doubt as soon as the railroad is in better condition and everything finished, we will be able to procure one-day excursion tickets from stations in this valley to Bellefonte. The Pennsylvania railroad company should give us the same privileges it extends to others.

——We have heard from a reliable source that the Union Sunday school, of Mifflinburg, have made arrangements to have an excursion to Centre Hall on the 12th of August. They will picnic in one of the groves near the station.

——The landlord of the Penn House, at Aaronsburg, had his thumb dislocated in trying to handle a fellow who had imbibed a little too much "lightning relief."

——John J. Fronk died very suddenly at Aaronsburg on Sunday last, of heart disease. He had brought his cows from the field in the morning, and complained of pain at his heart, and before ten o'clock he was a corpse. He was fifty-two years of age.

——One day last weeek, as a father and son were in search of their cows in Trough Creek barrens, above the Paradise furnace mill, the son of Joseph Baker stepped upon a rattlesnake and was bitten in the foot. His father at once sucked the poison out of the wound and the limb was so little affected that the lad did not apparently mind it. A simple cure, and one which everybody should know.

——Mr. C. W. Stahl, Esq., of Newton, Iowa, writes us, July 20th: "Iowa is booming this year, and especially in my section of the country. Crops of all kinds are very good, as is also stock of all kinds. June was cool and pretty wet. July so far has been pretty hot, with very little rain. It is between 95° and 100° in the shade to-day. If it is soon your fortune or misfortune, as the case may be, to take a trip through the west, I would be glad to have you stop long enough to look our little city over, as well as the surrounding country, as it is generally conceded that Jasper is one of the best counties of the state."

——During the past week a number of roofs in town were covered with a patent fire and water proof paint. This paint is guaranteed to render any roof safe from falling sparks, which so often are the cause of fire, and at the same time make it last twice as long. It is safe and economical to use this paint. Call on Messrs. Gray & Miller, as they will give you reasonable terms. Good business and a large amount of territory for sale.

——The Lock Haven excursion passed here at ten a. m. There were ten cars filled with big and little, a brass band, and every passenger wearing a smile.

——Some of our citizens are making an effort to have a board walk put down from the station into town. One man has offered to furnish the nails, another a certain amount of lumber, and another to do several days' teaming. With a few more such contributions, they would be able to have the walk completed, which would be a convenience to all persons going to and from the station. We hope they will succeed.

——The best $3 men's fine calf shoes in Bellefonte. All solid fine kid top, sewed; in button, lace and congress. E. Graham & Son, corner store, Brockerhoff row.

——The Evangelical parsonage in this place has received its last coat of paint, and will be occupied by Rev. Currin and family in about two weeks.

——Absence last week caused some errors in the local items. "Pipes," in the stage coach item, should read, "fips;" and we meant to say in another item that "our crops, though short, were large enough to prevent any one from starving," instead of "only enough to keep from starving."

——The sale of the personal property of Daniel Fanyer, deceased, will take place on Saturday next, August 1.

CORNER-STONE LAYING.

The corner-stone of the Lutheran church of Centre Hall was laid last Sabbath morning. On Saturday night Rev. S. G. Finkle preached a thoughtful sermon from I John v: 5. Sabbath morning dawned with a threatening sky, but the forenoon remained pleasant until after the services were all ended. At 10.30 Rev. Finkle preached the sermon for the occasion from Ephesians II: 20. The sermon was not only exceedingly appropriate, but evinced much care in its preparation and abounded in much food for earnest souls. The Lord, according to Mr. Finkle's view, is to be served in temples befitting His character, and calculated to draw out the best service of the soul. From the material temple the speaker drew attention to the lighter and more enduring temple of the Spirit. The sermon and speaker left their impressions for good behind them. A modest appeal was made by Rev. W. H. Diven, after the sermon, which resulted in raising $200 in subscriptions and cash. The congregation then proceeded to the foundation of the new church, where, after appropriate liturgical services, followed by singing and prayer, the corner-stone was solemnly laid in the name of the Triune God. The custom of our fathers was observed by some of the audience on the ground, by depositing money in the corner-stone—young and old mingling together in this act of worship. This contribution reached the handsome little sum of $9.

The corner-stone is of marble, the gift of Mr. A. S. Stover, of Bellefante, and is a beautiful sample of his excellent work as a marble cutter. On the polished face of the stone is the year 1885 in strong, prominent figures. Mr. S. deserves and hereby has the thanks of the congregation for his gift.

Rev. W. H. Diven, of Salona, preached at night from John I: 42. This sermon was practical, and in its delivery reached the point of stirring eloquence. The preacher "hit from the shoulder," and his hearers will not soon forget the sermon. Thus ended the services of another corner-stone laying in Centre Hall. To the Lutherans it was a glad day, despite the feelings of sadness over past calamities. God has led these people through much suffering, but it is only for the purification and salvation of souls and the glorification of His own blessed name.

The congregation feels grateful to our Evangelical brethren for the use of the church on Sabbath evening, as the hour was not our own for service. To the glory of God and the salvation of souls, this third Lutheran church is now begun. And with the experiences of the past, the congregation should and will be only the more devoted to the Lord and Saviour of us all. F.

FIRE AT LEWISTOWN.

Lewistown, Pa., July 22.—The Mount Rock flour mill, owned by Spanogle & Yeager, near this place, was totally destroyed by fire this morning, together with $3,000 worth of stock. The total loss is $13,000. The stock was nearly covered by insurance, and the building and machinery were insured for $5,000.

FOR STEALING TWO HORSES.

Henry McGovern Comes to Grief for a Sunday Night Crime—The Chase.

Huntingdon, July 23.—A man giving his name as Henry McGovern, was taken before Justice J. R. Patton yesterday morning and committed to jail for stealing two horses, worth $150 each, from L. G. and L. K. Cline, near Burnt Cabins, Fulton county, Sunday night. He took them from a pasture field and left the horse he had been driving, which was of little value, tied to the fence.

L. G. Cline, one of the owners, started in pursuit on Monday morning, and could trace the thief who attracted the attention of all the people along the road by his rapid driving. Even during the night the loud rattle of the wheels of his vehicle could be heard by the farmers. Cline came in sight of McGovern near Marklesburg, this county, yesterday afternoon, after which they had a break-neck race for five or six miles.

Seeing that he could not escape with the horses, McGovern jumped from the wagon near McConnellstown, five miles from this place, and took to the woods, coming in this direction. Word was sent to Policeman J. H. Westbrook, who watched for the fleeing thief on the south side of the Juniata river, opposite the foot of Fourth street. There he saw his man, and, calling assistance, arrested him, and in the struggle received some scratches about the face.

A LADY writes: "I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla in my family for many years, and could not keep house without it. For the relief of the pains consequent upon female weakness and irregularities, I consider it without an equal."

AVENGED HER HONOR.

A Fifteen-Year-Old Girl Kills Her Betrayer With a Revolver.

Bedford, Iowa, July 21.—The most exciting tragedy that ever occurred in this part of the state took place in this city yesterday afternoon. Ida Kimball is the pretty fifteen-year old daughter of one of the leading business men of this city. She is a brunette and is one of the most popular girls in the city. She was well developed for her age, and among strangers would have readily passed for a girl of eighteen. She has had the best of home training, and much money has been spent on her musical education, which was the means of her meeting T. M. Giles, the leading music dealer of the city. Giles is a young married man of family and of good address. He was very popular, and his business was more than ordinary prosperous. Ida was a frequent caller at the store where she bought music. Giles and she appeared to be good friends, nothing more. She was regarded as a mere child by those who knew her, and no thought of wrong was hinted until about three weeks ago, when vague rumors began to be circulated.

This morning Miss Kimball called at the music store and remained about an hour. She and Giles held an animated conversation in the rear part of the store, no part of which was heard by any one. It was observed, however, that when she left she was crying softly. At home nothing unusual was observed in her demeanor. She was somewhat quieter, perhaps, than usual, but that was all. After dinner she retired to her room, and was not again seen by any member of the family until after the tragedy.

It is supposed that she left her home between two and three o'clock and went directly to the music store, where she engaged Giles in conversation. Suddenly she sprang directly in front of him, drew an ivory-handled revolver from her pocket, fired twice in quick succession, and without a word turned and left the store. Two or three persons who were present at once ran to assist Giles, who was lying apparently dead, with blood gushing from a ghastly wound in the head and one in the breast. He remained unconscious until the time of his death, which occurred at five o'clock.

Miss Kimball at once returned to her home, where she calmly announced that she had killed Giles. To her horrified parents she explained that over a year ago Giles had seduced her; that he had since repeatedly compelled her to submit to him; that she was now in a delicate condition, and, as he could not give her reparation, she determined to kill him. She has not been arrested, but will be soon. She seems to be perfectly collected, and shows no remorse for her deed, but is greatly worried over her mother's condition. Throngs of people surround the house, but no demonstration has been made.

PUZZLE.

The first person sending us the correct solution to the following, will receive the REPORTER two months, free:

B e D

The answer will appear in our next issue.

The following corret answer to the above was first sent us by Witmer Wolf, of this place, and entitles him to the REPORTER for two months:

"A little dark (e)y in bed with nothing (o) over him."

We also received a correct answer from Mrs. Bessie Boozer.

DEMOCRATIC DELEGATE ELECTION AND COUNTY CONVENTION.

The Democratic voters of Centre county will meet at the regular places of holding the general election for their districts,

ON SATURDAY, AUGUST 8, 1885,

to elect delegates to the Democratic county convention. The election will open at two o'clock p. m. and close at six o'clock p. m.

The delegates chosen at the above time will meet in the court house, at Bellefonte,

ON TUESDAY AUGUST 11, 1885,

at two o'clock p. m., to nominate one candidate for jury commissioner and one candidate for coroner, and to transact such other business as the interests of the party may require.

The number of delegates to which each district is entitled is as follows:

Bellefonte, N. W.	2	Haines, W. P.	3
" S. W.	3	" E. P.	2
" W. W.	1	Howard township	2
Milesburg borough	1	Huston township	1
Millheim borough	3	Liberty township	2
Howard borough	1	Marion township	2
Philipsburg, First ward,	1	Miles township	5
" Second "	2	Patton township	1
" Third "	1	Penn township	3
Unionville borough	1	Potter township, N. P.	3
Benner township	3	" " S. P.	4
Boggs township, E. P.	2	Rush township, N. P.	3
" W. P.	2	" " S. P.	1
Burnside township	1	Snow Shoe township,	
Curtin township	1	E. P.	2
College township	2	Snow Shoe township,	
Ferguson township, E. P	3	W. P.	2
" " W. P	1	Spring township	4
Gregg township, N. P.	2	Taylor township	1
" S. P.	5	Union township	2
Half Moon township	1	Walker township	4
Harris township	3	Worth township	2

At a meeting of the Democratic county committee, held at Bellefonte, on Friday, July 3, 1885, the following persons were named to hold the delegate elections in their respective districts:

Millheim Borough—J. H. Beifsnider, chairman Franklin Knarr and J. H. Swartz.

College Township—George R. Roan, chairman; John A. Rupp and Jona Tressler.

Ferguson Township, E. P.—Peter Lauck, chairman; J. W. Carl and Dr. Orndorf.

Ferguson Township, W. P.—D. H. Custenborder, chairman; John Miller and W. F. Hebberling.

Gregg Township, S. P.—J. B. Fisher, chairman; William Pealer and F. D. Hosterman.

Gregg Township, N. P.—Philip Frank, chairman; John S. Hoy and William Lose.

Haines Township, E. P.—John C. Stover, chairman; Henry Rinehart and Jacob Fiedler.

Haines Township, W. P.—H. H. Weaver, chairman; Noah Cronmiller and J. Winkleblech.

Half Moon Township—J. H. Griffen, chairman; James Cross and George Biddle.

Harris Township—Hon. W. A. Murray, chairman; Jacob Weber and George W. Williams.

Marion Township—David W. Orr, chairman; Harry McDowell and John P. Ishler.

Miles Township—J. B. Kreamer, chairman; Ellis Shaffer and John Emerick.

Penn Township—W. F. Smith, chairman; A. R. Alexander and Emanuel Kerstetter.

Potter Township, N. P.—D. C. Keller, chairman; B. H. Arney and W. R. Camp.

Potter Township, S. P.—W. W. Royer, chairman; George W. Spangler and W. A. Kerr.

Spring Township—Ed. C. Woods, chairman; John Barnhart and J. C. Meyer.

Walker Township—James J. Gramley, chairman; Jacob Dunkle and Joseph Emerick.

P. M. MAGEE, Chairman.

G. W. RUMBERGER, Secretary.

The wife of Abe Denser, a wealtny and eccentric German farmer, near Bloomington, Ill., sued him for divorce, and enjoined him from disposing of his property. On Sunday night he drove his stock, including horses, worth $2,000, into his barn and burned it. It is believed he purposely perished in the flames.

TO ERECT A CREMATORY.

Lock Haven, July 27.—A. H. Strayer, a well known gentleman of means, to-day announced his intention of erecting a crematory in this city, and manufacturing complete structure for the incineration of dead bodies.

Two hundred persons were poisoned by ice cream at Riposto, near Sicily, during a public holiday. The vender narrowly escaped with his life.

PE-RU-NA is sold by all druggists. Price, $1 per bottle, six bottles $5. If you cannot get it from your druggist, we will send it on receipt of regular price. We prefer you buy it from your druggist, but if he hasn't it do not be persuaded to try something else, but order from us at once as directed. S. B. HARTMAN & CO., Columbus, Ohio.

We make the following liberal proposition to the subscribers of the REPORTER: Any one sending us the name of a new cash subscriber for one year, will get a credit of three months for his trouble, and the new name two months extra. We would be pleased to have every reader send us at least one name under this very liberal offer. For any additional names we will allow the same. tf

AN END TO BONE SCRAPING.

Edward Shepherd, of Harrisburg, Ill., says: "Having received so much benefit from Electric Bitters, I felt it my duty to let suffering humanity know it. I have had a running sore on my leg for eight years; my doctors told me I would have to have the bone scraped or leg amputated. I used, instead, three bottles of Electric Bitters and seven boxes of Bucklen's Arnica Salve, and my leg is now sound and well." Electric Bitters are sold at fifty cents a bottle, and Bucklen's Arnica Salve at twenty-five cents per box, by J. Zeller & Son, Bellefonte.

IT WENT AROUND AMONG THE NEIGHBORS.

Mr. Levi Stahl, merchant and postmaster at Fostoria, Pa., writes:

MR. J. A. MCDONALD, Reedsville, Pa. *Dear Sir:* Sometime ago I had a severe attack of chronic diarrhœa. Could obtain no relief. A friend gave me a part of a bottle of your Curtis' Carmelite Cordial, and a few doses entirely cured me. The balance of the bottle went around among the neighbors. Since then I have written to New York and Philadelphia for the medicine, but could not procure it. I traced up the bottle we had and found it was purchased of Mr. Jacob Cowan, merchant in Altoona, and from him obtained your address. Please forward me one dozen bottles by express at once, as I do not wish to be without it in my family, and wish to sell it in my store.

A single bottle of Curtis' Carmelite Cordial guaranteed to cure any case of cholera, dysentery, diarrhœa, cramps, pains, and all irritation of the bowels incident to change of climate, water or diet.

JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY & Co, Philadelphia Agents.

GOOD FOR MALARIA.

E. Jamer, of Thompsontown, Pa., writes:

J. A. MCDONALD—*Dear Sir:* Send me two dozen of your Liver Pills at once. Some of our people say they have cured them of chills and fever, and they do not want to be without them.

JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY & Co., Philadelphia Agents.

NOTICE.—Jurors for the 2d week, Aug. Term, need not attend, as there will be no court. G. R. BRETT, 29jul3t Prothonotary.

COURT PROCLAMATION

Whereas, the Hon. A. O. Furst, President of the Court of Common Pleas of the 49th Judicial District, consisting of the counties of Centre and Huntingdon, and the Hon. Jas. R. Smith and the Hon. Chester Munson Assoc. Judges in Centre county, having issued their precept, bearing date 24th day of July 1885, to me directed, for holding a Court of Oyer and Terminer and General Jail Delivery and Quarter Sessions of the Peace in Bellefonte, for the county of Centre, and to commence on the Fourth Monday of Aug next, being the 24th day of Aug. 1885, and to continue two weeks. Notice is hereby given to the Coroner, Justices of the Peace, Aldermen and Constables of said county of Centre, that they be then and there in their proper persons, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, with their records, inquisitions, examinations, and their own remembrances, to do those things which to their office appertain to be done, and those who are bound in recognizances to prosecute against the prisoners that are or shall be in the jail of Centre county, be then and there to prosecute against them as shall be just.

Given under my hand, at Bellefonte, the 24th day of July in the year of our Lord 1885, and the one hundred and ninth year of the Independence of the United States. W. MILES WALKER, Sheriff

REGISTER'S NOTICE.—The following accounts have been examined, passed and remain in this office for the inspection of heirs and legatees, creditors and all others in anywise interested and will be presented to the Orphans' Court of Centre County, on Wednesday, the 29th day of August, A. D, 1885, for allowance and confirmation.

1 The first and final account of A J Graham, administrator of etc, of V B Holt, late of Philipsburg, dec'd.

2 The first and final account of Franklin Vonada, administrator of etc, of Anna Mary Vonada, late of Walker twp., dec'd.

3 The first and final account of W T Leathers, administrator of etc, of Adam Lose, late of Howard twp., dec'd.

4 The account of John B Heckman, administrator of etc, of Wm. Geary, late of Gregg twp., deceased.

5 The account of Jacob Snyder, guardian of Annie M. and Samuel G. Felton, minor children of Robert K Felton, late of Taylor twp., dec'd.

6 The account of T W Hosterman, administrator of etc, of Hanna H Hosterman, late of Haines twp., dec'd.

7 The account of Henry Keen, trustee appointed by the Orphan's Court to make sale of the real estate of John Keen, late of Millheim boro., deceased.

8 The account of S S Lyon, administrator cum testamento annexo of etc, of Ann Parr Lyon, late of Bellefonte borough, dec'd.

9 The second partial account of Dr. P T Musser, administrator of etc, of John D Foote, late of Millheim borough, deceased.

10 The account of W A Murray, guardian of Sallie Reily, minor child of James Reily, dec'd.

11 The first and final account of Clement Dale, guardian of Wm. A Thompson, a minor child of Wm. A Thompson, late of Potter twp., dec'd.

12 The account of John M Furey, administrator of etc, of Hon. J G Larimer, late of Spring twp., dec'd.

13 The account of Jacob Dunkle, executor of etc, of Mary Dunkle, late of Walker twp., dec'd.

14 The account of John Daniels, executor of etc, of Catherine Leighty, late of Potter township, deceased.

15 The third partial account of George Bower and Samuel Everts, executors of etc, of Jacob Everts, late of Penn twp., dec'd.

16 The account of C B Houser, late guardian of Lilly May Houser, minor child of Martin Houser, deceased.

17 The account of Amos Tyson, administrator of etc, of Samuel Tyson, late of Ferguson twp., deceased.

18 The account of Isaac Mitchell, executor of etc, of E J Carter, late of Bellefonte boro., dec'd.

19 The account of Emeline Myers, executrix of etc, of Margaret R Myers, late of Philipsburg, borough, dec'd.

20 The first and partial account of Mollie Neff and Sue E Neff, executors of etc., of Josiah Neff, late of Potter twp., dec'd.

21 The account of Lucinda Runkle, administratrix of etc, of Hon John K Runkle, late of Potter twp., dec'd.

22 The account of James Wiser, administrator of etc, of John Wiser, late of Worth twp., dec'd.

24 The first and partial account of T Frank Adams, executor of etc, of Frances M. Atherton, late of Milesburg borough, dec'd.

24 The third account of James P Coburn, executor of etc, of Daniel Kreamer, late of Penn twp., dec'd.

25 The fourth account of James P Coburn, executor of etc, of Samuel Huston, late of Potter twp., dec'd.

26 The second and final account of A E Clemson, executor of etc, of Henry Harpster, late of Ferguson twp., dec'd.

27 The account of Wm. McFarlane and Mary H Jack, executors of etc, of George Jack, late of Harris twp., dec'd.

28 The account of Jacob Ridge, administrator of etc, of Mary A Camp, late of Bellefonte boro., deceased.

29 The first and partial account of S H Bennison, administrator of etc, of John Strunk, late of Spring twp., deceased.

JAMES A. MCCAIN, Register.

Bellefonte, July 27, '85.

VALUABLE REAL ESTATE AT PUBLIC SALE.—By virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court, there will be offered at public sale, on the premises, in Potter twp., on THURSDAY, August 6, 1885, the real estate belonging to the estate of Michael Spicher, dec'd, consisting of two tracts, No. 1. being a Valuable farm situate about two mile west of Old Fort, and two miles from the Lewisb'g & Tyrone R. R., on the Boalsburg road, bounded by lands of George M. Boal, Leonard Rhone, and others, containing 113 ACRES and 38 perches, neat measure, thereon erected a 2-Story Stone Dwelling House, Bank barn, all necessary outbuildings, good Orchard of fruit, and a well of never failing water and two good cisterns thereon.

No. 2, adjoining the above, bounded by lands of Lafayette Neff, Love's heirs, Jacob Wagner, George M. Boal, and others, containing 102 ACRES and 6 perches, neat measure, and thereon erected a 2-Story Frame Dwelling house. The land is all under good fences and in the highest state of cultivation. Of the above tracts about 200 acres are clear, and about 15 acres are good oak timberland.

The above will be sold in two tracts or as a whole, as may best suit purchasers and parties interested. Sale to begin at 2 p. m.

Terms—Ten per cent cash when the property is knocked off, ½ of balance on confirmation of sale, and the remainder in two equal annual payments, with interest, secured by bond and mortgage on the premises. JOHN & MICHAEL SPICHER, Exr's of Michael Spicher, Sr., deceased

SALARY AND EXPENSES PAID, TO SELL Nursery Stock. Experience not necessary. Apply to the old established "Newark Nurseries" of CHAS. W. STUART & CO., at Newark, Wayne County, New York. 22jul2m

WANTED.

ENERGETIC, PUSHING SALESMEN to sell all kinds of Nursery Stock. I guarantee steady employment, and to successful salesmen I pay as high as $100 per month and expenses. Apply immediately, giving age. R. B. KNIFFIN, Nurseryman, Rochester, N. Y. [Refer to this paper.] outiang

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of administration upon the estate of John G Weaver, late of Gregg twp., dec'd, having been lawfully granted to the undersigned, would respectfully request all persons knowing themselves to be indebted to the estate to make immediate payment and those having claims against the same to present the same duly authenticated for settlement. MAGDALEANA WEAVER, Adm'r, 29jul6t Farmers' Mills, Pa.

ADMINISTRATORS' NOTICE.—Letters of administration upon the estate of Charles Ripka, deceased, late of Gregg twp., having been lawfully granted to the undersigned would respectfully request all persons knowing themselves to be indebted to the estate to make immediate payment and those having claims against the same to present the same duly authenticated for settlement.

WM. H. RIPKA, Globe Mills, Snyder Co., 8jul6t A. C. RIPKA, Centre Hall, Pa.

CARDINE COMPOUND.

A NEW, SAFE AND RELIABLE REMEDY for the positive cure of Headache in its various forms, Constipation, Dyspepsia, Stomach and Kidney Disease. This remedy is to counteract the too prevalent habit of using MORPHIA, which is dangerous to life and must be abolished. This is just the remedy for weak women, suffering continually with headache, constipation, etc., and who need something to impart vigor to the general system. This is no cure-all, neither is it a so-called *patent nostrum*, but the prescription of a regular graduate. Has proved efficient in thousands of cases, and can be relied on as efficient and safe.

Ask your druggist for it. Price for large bottle, $1, or address DR. BURKHART, Collinsville, Butler County, Ohio.

ASSIGNEE'S SALE OF VALUABLE PROPERTY.—Will be sold at public sale, at the house of John Bibby, at Spring Mills, on SATURDAY, AUGUST 15, 1885, the following real estate of Jacob McCool:

Two hundred and sixty-nine acres, with house, bank barn and other out-buildings, good orchard, never failing water. This is good farm land, and about two hundred acres good timberland, situate at Spring Mills.

Also, twenty-four acres, with a good house and stable, located near the railroad, about one mile west of Spring Mills, and has good water. Also, seven acres adjoining the above on the west, and clear of timber.

Sale at one o'clock p. m., when terms will be made known by JOHN GROVE, 22jul4t Assignee.

Reported by EVANS BROS., Produce Commission Merchants, No. 56 North Water St., Philad.

Butter, Eggs, Poultry, Cheese and all kinds of Country produce. Quick sales, good prices and quick returns.

PHILADELPHIA, July 20, 1885.

BUTTER.			
Creamery, Penn'a, extra		19	20
" Western "		18	19
EGGS.			
Penn'a, Del and Md., per doz	crates	14½	15
" "	bbls	14	14½
Western, ex brands	" crates	13½	14
LIVE POULTRY.			
Fowls, straight, nearby	per lb		18
" mixed	"	12	13
" Western, straight	"	12	13
" " mixed	"	11	12
LIVE CALVES AND SHEEP.			
Calves, Del & Md, prime	per lb		6
" Fair to good	"	5	5½
" Common stock	"	3	4
Sheep, prime	"		4
Lambs, extra	"	7	7½
Live Cattle	"	5	6
Hogs, live	"	5½	6
Pigs, live	"	5	6
FRUITS AND VEGETABLES.			
Apples, new	per bbl	$1 00	$2 00
Peaches, extra	peck crate	1 00	1 25
" fair	"	50	75
" fancy	per crate	2 00	3 00
New Potatoes, choice	per bbl	2 25	2 50
" fair	"	1 75	2 00
" culls	"	75	1 00
Watermelons, extra	per 100	25 00	28 00
" prime	"	16 00	20 00
CHEESE.			
N Y Factory, choice		8	9
Ohio, fat, fine		7½	8¼
HAY AND STRAW.			
Timothy, choice	per ton	$18 00	$22 00
" fair	"	16 00	18 00
Cut Hay	"	22 00	23 00
Rye Straw	"	21 00	22 00
Wheat Straw	"		19 00
Oat Straw	"	$ 50	9 00
SEEDS.			
Timothy	per bu	1 70	1 75
Clover	per lb	8	8½
Flax	per bu		1 52
FEATHERS.			
Choice Geese	per lb	48	50
Prime "	"	45	46
Chicken	"	4	5
HIDES.			
Hides, Dry	per lb	10	11
Calf, Salted	"	12	13
Hides, Green, Steer	"	5½	6
" " Cow	"	5	5½
" " Bull	"	4	4½
" Salted Steer	"	7½	8
" " Cow	"	6	7
Sheep Skins, per piece		25	75
MISCELLANEOUS.			
Lard, Country lots, prime	per lb	7¾	8
Tallow, Solid	"		
" Cake	"		2¾
Honey in Comb	"	10	12
Country Soap	"	3½	3

☞Price Current Subject to Market Fluctuations

MARKETS.

Philadelphia, July 25, 1885.
(Corrected Weekly.)

		Chicago.	Philadelphia
Corn		45¾	—52
Wheat	"	89	—94½
Oats	"	31	—39
Pork	"	26½	
Lard	"	6 57½	

SAMUEL WHITE, Jr., Com'n Broker
23 South Third Street.

SPRING MILLS MARKET

Wheat—Red	95
White & Mixed	90
Rye	70
Corn, in shelled, and ears old	50
Oats	35
Buckwheat	50
Barley	45
Cloverseed large	5 00
Cloverseed small	5 00
Timothy seed	1 40
Plaster, ground per ton	9 00
Flour, per barrel	5 00
Roller Flour, per barrel	6 00

Butter, 12; tallow, 6; lard, 8; ham, 12; shoulde 8; bacon or side, 8; eggs per dozen, 10 cents.

Corrected weekly by I. J. Grenoble.

COAL.—Pea, 3.00; Chestnut, 4.75; Stove, 5.00 Egg, 4.75.